The Nation.

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The Week.

"When in doubt, don't call Congress in extra session." That, in substance, appears to be the rule recommended to the President by the Attorney-General, and adopted by Mr. McKinley. If the Cabinet does not know where the Philippine policy is left by the decision of the Supreme Court, it is certain that Congress would not know either. If it met to legislate on the situation, the wisest thing it could do would be to adjourn until the Supreme Court had made the situation clear. Meanwhile, the Administration can go on taking the chances. Its work in the Philippines may be upset by the Court, as its work in Porto Rico was partially; but the Treasury is plethoric, and can pay back illegally collected duties without missing the money. In the general uncertainty, we can but think the determination a prudent one not to call Congress together, possibly to fly away with us to ills that we know not of. It is very much to be desired, however, that the Attorney-General should publish the opinion which he read to the Cabinet on June 4, and in which, according to the Washington correspondent of the *Tribune*, he "reconciled" the "apparently contradictory" judgments of the Supreme Court in the De Lima and Downes cases. Since the very judges themselves declared the two cases to be, in the language of Justice Gray, "irreconcilable," it is clear that Mr. Knox must indeed be, as the *Tribune's* correspondent admiringly says, a man "of the highest order of ability."

It is reassuring to be "officially" informed from Washington that "the Cuban people, as a whole, are perfectly satisfied with the Platt amendment." The evidence is the other way, but we know that our great and wise rulers would not mislead us, and so we are bound to believe them, in the teeth of the evidence. The Cuban press was outspoken and bitter against the Platt amendment—but then, we all know what newspapers are. The Convention refused to accept the amendment until so disfigured that even its begetters in Washington could not recognize their offspring; but, of course, that proved nothing. The Administration told us that the Convention was made up of unscrupulous politicians, and that their action did not at all represent the Cuban people. Coming from officials who cannot lie, all loyal Americans naturally believed that. However, the Cuban people expressed their views in the elections of June 1. They chose as Mayor of Havana a man who had voted against even the amended Platt amendment in the Convention. He got 11,115 votes to 7,533 cast for his nearest competitor. Moreover, he was the candidate of the Nationalist party, which had in convention just solemnly and unanimously passed a resolution against the Platt amendment. Yet it carried elections all over the island, as it did in Havana, under Gen. Wood's nose. This would look, to the untutored human mind, as if the people of Cuba, as a whole, were not in favor of the Platt amendment.

Shall the claims of sufferers by the destruction of the battle-ship *Maine* in Havana harbor in February, 1898, be considered by the Spanish Treaty Claims Commission? Decidedly not, say our authorities at Washington. So say we all of us. Who wants to have the responsibility of Spain for that catastrophe proved again? Of course, Spain would protest. She might propose to refer the question of her guilt to arbitration, and how could we refuse? She made that offer at the time of the explosion. We refused the offer because our blood was up, but, being cooler now, and having ratified the Hague treaty, we could not put it aside so easily. Besides, we have already paid those claims once. If anybody has any unsatisfied curiosity about the cause of the explosion, let him go to the hulk when the contractors for raising it undertake their job, and search for the fragments of the torpedo and of the cable that communicated with the shore. If none such are found, we shall know that the villain who plotted the crime has removed all the evidences of it, and we shall regret all the more that search was not made for these damning proofs at the time of the disaster, when American citizens possessing the requisite machinery and skill offered to find the same if they existed.

As there has been another "battle" in the Philippines, there must, of course, have been another anti-Imperialistic speech somewhere in this country. That is, we know, the rule—no speech, no battle. Gen. F. D. Grant has explained it. His acute mind was able to trace the effect of every anti-Imperialistic speech in Congress in the returns of killed and wounded. His trained faculties could just see the rhetoric laying low our soldiers. He would notify the surgeons to be ready as soon as he heard of Senator Hoar taking the floor; and his habit was to give everybody leave and close the military hospitals when the good news came that Lodge was speaking. But whose treasonable speech was it that, cabled to Batangas, resulted in the death of Lieut. Springer and the wounding of other officers and men? We do not know, and, as Gen. Grant is not on the spot to tell us, we may never know; but, in our humble opinion, it was the anti-Imperialist minority of the Supreme Court which was responsible. Judges ought to present a "united front" to the foe, just like Congressmen and the rest of us. It is all very well to argue the legal question whether the Constitution follows the flag, but the main thing is, as Mr. Dooley says, to see to it that the Supreme Court "follows th' election returns."

Judge Taft has already established an enviable reputation as a consistent optimist, yet his remarks on Saturday to the people in the Philippines about the effect of the decision of the Supreme Court must heighten it. He told them they ought to be very thankful that the Philippine tariff had not been declared illegal. If it had been, taxation on land would have had to be increased to a point which the people would find absolutely crushing. Then he bethought him that the Supreme Court had not yet decided the Philippine cases, and might do so in a way to establish free trade with the United States. In that case, the cheerful Judge assured the people, there would be a wonderful development of trade, and land values in the Philippines would increase to such an extent that the increased taxes could be borne with ease. In any case, you see, the lot of the Filipino is certain to be a happy one. How could it fail to be with such a happy Judge to rule over him?

When the National Association of Manufacturers begins to talk tariff reform, the dawn cannot be far away. To affirm, as the Association did at its late session at Detroit on Thursday, that protection should be given "to such products only as require it, without providing the opportunity for monopolistic abuses," is a sufficiently explicit way of saying that there are in the Dingley tariff wholly unnecessary duties which do lead straight to Trusts. The Association declined to endorse the Babcock bill for the removal of duties on iron and steel, but this was only *pro forma*. The principle underlying the bill evidently met with its hearty approval. Clearly, as one of the New York delegates asserted, there are "clouds of tariff revision in the sky," and manufacturers must take account of their existence. The old dilemma is before them: the tariff must either be revised

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by its friends or overturned by its enemies. If anything more were needed to accentuate the imminent peril in which Dingleyism stands, it would be the appearance of Congressman Tayler of Ohio before the Industrial Commission at Washington, to put in a solemn plea for protection, and to resent with indignation the charge that even Ohio was wavering in the true tariff faith. Mr. Tayler admitted that he was for reciprocity in general, though he was stoutly against every particular reciprocity treaty. This is an old habit of politicians. No one can surpass them in their ardor for a general principle; but no one can ever induce them to support "this particular measure" to carry it out. Yet these trimming gentlemen had best trim their sails to catch the reciprocity breeze which is already beginning to blow. The Eolus in the White House is skilfully directing it, and the Reciprocity Convention soon to be held in Philadelphia will still further quicken it.

Mr. Theodore Search having been, for a long time, if not the head of the protectionist school in Pennsylvania, very near to it, the public must have been surprised by his speech at the Detroit meeting. Not only did he advocate reciprocity in abstract terms, which might reserve to himself liberty to oppose everything in the concrete, but he designated the pending treaty of reciprocity with France as one which ought to be ratified. This projected treaty did not lapse at the end of the last Congress, Secretary Hay and Minister Cambon having arranged for keeping it alive. Mr. Search's remarks were warmly approved by the convention, only one member, a knit-goods manufacturer, speaking in opposition. The Western makers of agricultural machinery were heard from in the person of Mr. James Deering of the Deering Harvester Company, who said that those persons whose interests were slight, those whose injury was conjectural, must put their selfish interests aside, and coöperate for the ratification of the treaties, and especially of the French treaty, "at the next session of Congress." He considered that the Association would be seriously neglecting its duty if it did not throw itself strongly into the movement "for softening our tariff relations with foreign countries." Mr. Sanders of New York spoke in terms of some bitterness on the subject of the tariff war now waging with Russia. A time had come, in his opinion, for protecting our full-grown industries by open markets, instead of protecting infant ones by the policy of exclusion. A member from Michigan said that "the time had passed when a high tariff is a benefit to American manufacturers." All these rills of testimony run to the conclusion that the Republican party is going to burst the high-tariff chains that have bound it so long, and adopt a policy of freer trade with foreign countries.

The complaints of young men who are dismissed from West Point and Annapolis for hazing or other breaches of discipline are likely to meet with a chilling response from the public. The five cadets sent away from West Point a few days ago have just been joined in exile by two more from the same place and one from Annapolis. The offenders declare, however, that, having failed to work upon the sympathy of the Cabinet officers, they purpose to bring the matter before Congress. Their attitude is not altogether surprising, for they doubtless know that hitherto political influence has played altogether too large a part in the discipline both of the army and of the military school. In these particular cases, however, the Secretary of War has taken a very positive stand; and he is not in the habit of backing down. Perhaps, then, the time is unusually opportune for an appeal to Congress; for if Congress, enlightened by the results of its recent investigations of hazing and fortified by Secretary Root's backbone, chooses to establish a striking precedent in favor of sustaining strict discipline at West Point, the effect on both the Military and the Naval Academy cannot but be wholesome.

The honesty and efficiency with which the Pension Commissioner, Mr. H. Clay Evans, has administered the laws, thwarted thieving attorneys, and exposed swindling claimants, were twice recognized last week at Grand Army encampments. As usual, the testimonial to the integrity of Mr. Evans took the form of resolutions bitterly denouncing his conduct of the Pension Bureau. No man in the McKinley Administration deserves heartier congratulations than Mr. Evans. He has held an office in which he could reform abuses, and in other ways achieve great results; he has shown himself equal to his unusual opportunities, an officer notable alike for skill and probity. Other men, perhaps quite as worthy of praise, have had to be content with nothing more satisfying than the approval of their own consciences. Mr. Evans, however, has enjoyed the singular felicity of hearing his good deeds trumpeted to the world by State and national encampments of the Grand Army for three years past, and of knowing that attacks which were intended to harm him have won him the cordial support of intelligent and decent citizens.

That estimates of the outturn of home and foreign harvests should, at this season of the year, be awaited with keen interest, is perfectly natural. Harvest results provide the one essential factor, in economic and industrial progress, which is wholly beyond the control of man. Human sagacity may insure wise currency legislation; it may increase output of gold; it may avoid political complications; it may develop existing trade at home; it may create new trade abroad. But it cannot cause abundant harvests or prevent a crop failure, upon which alternative, at certain junctures, nearly all of the five other influences cited above depend. With all the increase, in the three past generations, of other factors going to make up prosperity or adversity, it is almost as true to-day as it was a century ago that the average nation's industrial welfare depends chiefly on the raising of an abundant crop and its sale at fair prices. The Government's estimate of our own wheat outlook in June —the month when conditions are fairly well defined—has this year had particular interest, because the almost unbroken series of fortunate harvests in America, beginning with 1897, gave some general ground for fearing that the cycle of agricultural prosperity might this year be about to move against us.

By present indications, it has not done so. "Crop weather" in May was very trying, and the growing wheat does not promise to-day the results its condition indicated a month ago. Yet even the 6 per cent. impairment of the growing winter-wheat crop during May, as reported on Monday by the Department of Agriculture, leaves the June percentage indication the highest in twenty years, with only five exceptions—each of those five high estimates having been followed by a "record-breaking" crop. When to this is added the fact that the condition of spring-grown wheat is also figured out as above the average, and that, in all, nearly a million acres more of wheat have been planted in this country than in any previous year, the legitimate promise of the outlook may be judged. The test of the harvests is, of course, not yet over. Last year bad weather during June cut down the spring-wheat estimate, and the crop's eventual yield, by 32 per cent. Seven years ago a July drought reduced the corn crop's condition 26 per cent., and brought the total yield four hundred million bushels under that of the year before. But largely outweighing this possibility, from the farmers' and merchants' point of view, is the striking fact that Germany's wheat crop already indicates a shortage of over 30 per cent., as compared with 1900, and that the promised outturn elsewhere in Europe is not encouraging. In other words, it is likely that whatever grain America has this year to spare for export will be taken at good prices.

Representatives of the little towns in the Connecticut Legislature, in refus-

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ing to make any concession to the demand for a change in the system of legislative representation, have unwittingly aided the cause of Constitutional reform in that State. The long agitation for Constitutional changes looks mainly to a shifting of the basis of representation from acres to people. This sentiment has shown so much force this year that leading Republicans, from Gov. McLean down, and influential Republican newspapers have urged that something be done to appease the clamor. Concede a little, they have said to the selfish supporters of the present undemocratic and inequitable arrangement, or the gathering storm may sweep away the town boundaries and destroy the historic and "fundamental" system. Deaf to these appeals, however, the Republicans in the House have rejected a proposed amendment to the State Constitution, prepared by the Chairman of the Republican State Committee, which aimed to correct in small degree the injustice, an extreme example of which is the equality in voting strength in the House of the 428 people in Union and the more than 100,000 in New Haven. The amendment which is thus defeated would have taken one Representative from Union and from each of thirty-four other little towns, and added five to New Haven's two, three each to Hartford and Bridgeport, and one each to three smaller cities and to eighteen towns having less than 5,000 population. Though a trifling betterment of present conditions, the proposed change was in no way satisfactory to the earnest advocates of reform by a Constitutional Convention, and Democrats in the House aided the little-town Republicans in rejecting it. This leaves the issue unchanged; and with Republican acknowledgment that, to quote the Hartford *Courant*, "there is an actual, not merely a theoretical, injustice in things as they are," the reform is sure to come, though it may be long on the way.

The name of Joseph Merrill, unknown yesterday outside of Carroll County, Ga., to-day deserves honor throughout the United States. The man who has thus leaped from obscurity into national recognition is the sheriff of his county, and in that capacity had custody of a colored murderer who was to have been executed on Friday. An appeal to the Supreme Court at the last moment caused a stay of proceedings, and the crowd which had gathered to witness the hanging was soon converted into a mob that assaulted the jail, battered down the outside door, and called upon the sheriff to turn over his prisoner. He refused their demand, ordered them to stop or they would be fired upon, and, when they advanced, gave his deputies the order to fire. One man was killed, two others were wounded, and the rest were so demoralized that they fled, while the sheriff telephoned to the Governor for troops, which arrived in a few hours and carried the prisoner out of the county for safe keeping. A great service was thus rendered to the cause of civilization by a man who had the courage to do his duty as an official in a crisis, even when it involved shooting his neighbors.

An honorary degree from Oxford for Profs. Charles A. Briggs and Francis Brown of the Union Theological Seminary, respectively, will be gratifying to all friends of sound learning and intellectual progress. Union Theological Seminary and its professors—Dr. Briggs in particular—have suffered no little persecution for alleged heterodoxy. At the same time the views in regard to the Bible held by Dr. Briggs have been admittedly those which are generally accepted by the highest authorities in English and Continental universities. The question which the seminary had to face was whether it should yield to the clamor of a body of clergy and laymen who were thoroughly provincial in their point of view, or whether it should keep in line with the best thought of the modern world. Fortunately, for itself and for the cause of religion, it chose the nobler course. It would also be fortunate if the official recognition of Dr. Briggs's scholarship by one of the oldest and most famous universities, a centre of orthodoxy, should help to check the activity of professional heresy-hunters.

Compliments for the good behavior of the American troops in China continue to reach us. The *China Times*, noticing their departure, says that they were extremely kind in their treatment of the native population and that their discipline was excellent; also that American traders were next after the Japanese to establish a market and gain the confidence of the people. The British troops too, were to be commended for their good behavior. As for the Germans, Russians, and French, the less said about them the better. The Germans and French "took their cue" from their commanding officers when the latter looted the Astronomical Observatory at Pekin to promote culture in Berlin and Paris, following the example of the first Napoleon, who gorged the Louvre and the National Library with the spoils of Italy and Holland. If the European and American public had imagined that Von Waldersee was capable of sanctioning and participating in this act of vandalism, it is hardly possible that he could have been selected as Commander-in-Chief of the allied forces.

The agitation in favor of old-age pensions in England was fomented chiefly by Mr. Chamberlain; but he now explains that, as the matter has become the subject of party controversy, it is better to drop it. Owing to this inopportune development, the problem cannot receive that calm and careful investigation which is necessary. The opinion is held by some persons that Mr. Chamberlain has done more than any other man to make the pension scheme a party measure, and they do not hesitate to say that his explanation is not satisfactory. Moreover, as the *Economist* points out, Mr. Chamberlain's proposal to endow lodges of the fraternal orders, such as the Odd Fellows, that are "actuarially" insolvent, is to render the matter more complicated and controversial than ever. The true explanation of the change in Mr. Chamberlain's attitude is suggested by Mr. Morley, in justifying his support of the financial measures of the Government. He voted for the new taxes not to "penalize" the voters, but to instruct them. 'He did not deny that the country had favored a policy which he regarded as a policy of stupendous folly; but he thought that the nature of this policy would be brought home to the people by presenting the bill now, instead of passing it on to future generations. In spite of a free press, in spite of the pulpit, "the tax-gatherer is the real school-master." And when the bill is presented and the tax-gatherer demands payment, the demand for old-age pensions collapses. There is no statesman so hardy as to propose further taxation. The accumulations of the past have been spent, and the revenues of the future mortgaged, in order to destroy the independence of the Boer, and social reforms requiring money must wait until people have earned and saved it.

Australia is setting up a Monroe Doctrine, so the German press complains. Prime Minister Barton has asked Secretary Chamberlain to declare to the Powers that Kerguelen Island lies within the "natural sphere" of Australia. It happens that this island was annexed by France nine years ago, but the Australians want it. How they are to induce the French to give it up, the *Frankfurter Zeitung* says it is difficult to see, and adds that it will soon be a question, if this Australian Monroe Doctrine is valid, of the German and French possessions in the New Hebrides, New Caledonia, New Guinea, and Samoa. In reality, the thing ought to be called the Grey Doctrine. That far-sighted empire-builder, Sir George Grey, when Governor of South Australia in the last century, urgently besought the English Government to assert an Australian "sphere of influence," within which it would allow no intruders. But that seemed fantastic to the wise men in Downing Street, and nothing was done. Apparently the federated and ambitious Australians now wish that Grey's advice had been taken.

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ENGLAND AND AMERICA.

It is certainly a cordial welcome which our visiting merchants have met with in London, and if a good deal of silly platitude has been uttered on the occasion, that was doubtless inevitable. International banquets are notorious for provoking to decorous dulness. But the event might well be seized upon for the purpose of asking seriously the question, What is it that England and America really have to learn of each other, to give to each other, to work out together in the world?

Most of the recent talk has been a revival of the hollow and insincere professions of friendship for England of which we heard so much in this country at the time of our Spanish war. This refers to a possible armed alliance. Mr. Carnegie has been flattering the pride of Englishmen by telling them that, when the Continental Powers combine to "smash" the little island, the United States will raise her big fist and save imperilled and helpless England. English statesmen must have grinned when they read this. As it is their business to know the facts, they are fully aware that a European alliance for the purpose of crushing England would be bidden God-speed by a powerful, and very likely a predominant, element of our population. They cannot have forgotten our readiness to fly at their throats in 1895. They must have their eyes on Lodge and the other sleepless enemies of England in Washington. So they do not need to be told that the United States would be much more apt to hold the bottle for embattled Europe than to interfere in England's behalf. The truth is, that neither country is at all inclined to place either its arms or its diplomacy at the service of the other. All this is folly.

When we talk about offensive and defensive alliances, we revert, whether we know it or not, to what has been called an international state of nature. In this, nations act as men did before they entered into society. Each nation's hand is against the other; the only law is that of the stronger, and good faith is unknown. Alliances? How long ago was it that England was in alliance with France, for the express purpose, according to Thiers, of making head against Russia and America? It was this alliance, with its concomitant attempt to suppress free speech in England, that drew from Tennyson his indignant assertion of the Englishman's "ancient privilege" to "fling whate'er we felt, not fearing, into words." England's alliance with France went up in smoke, and so would any other that she might make for mere fighting. We have not the slightest pleasure, or the slightest confidence, in all the gush about "hands all round" and "hearts across the sea," as long as it reflects simply a wish to see the English and American fleets united for the purpose of whipping all creation.

This is not saying that the two countries may not wisely and usefully cooperate in great affairs of international concern. They have done it in China. If their common stand there for moderation and humanity and equal opportunity was not crowned with complete success in the actual result, it won at least the success of demonstrating what the attitude of two great Christian nations should be. Here is an *entente* which cannot be too *cordiale*. And in all international undertakings that look to the improvement of relations, the protection of property, the perfecting of the law of nations, the softening of war, there is every reason for England and America to join in a good understanding for the furthering of the enlightened and humane principles which, we believe, both have at heart.

As for what either nation has to learn or receive from the other, a good guide would be the mature opinion of the wisest men in each. To copy what the wisest have warned their countrymen against, would surely be to put on folly's crown. Yet this is very much what we see going on. If there is one thing which has been fixed in the traditions, the teachings, the very prejudices and passions of Americans, it has been dislike and dread of an English colonial policy. It has stood in our eyes for the extreme of oppression, for the measure of governmental mistake. Whenever we have thought of the European "follies" upon which, as Napoleon said to Col. Wilks, "America has thriven," the folly of holding colonies in subjection has ranked first in our minds. But we are now turning our back upon all that, and we are complacently taking out of England's book the leaf which we have always maintained to be the blackest. We have even lived to hear a justice of the Supreme Court of the United States endeavor to allay the fears of Americans, when invited to embark on a colonial policy, by pointing with pride to "the conduct of the British Parliament towards its outlying possessions"!

Turning to the other side, we find the teaching which America is setting England to be a strange falling away from that which the most ardent and aspiring English spirits thought to get from us, a generation ago. Bright and Mill and the other Liberals—what was the leaven which they hoped to see spread from the American to the English democracy? Certainly it was nothing vulgar or material—neither millionaires nor machinery. No, what they looked to with eager hearts across the Atlantic, was the working out of the great democratic experiment on a larger scale and under more favoring skies than were possible in England. They hoped to hear a louder vibration here of "that deep chord which Hampden smote." Equality before the law, the citizen protected in all his rights by written Constitution and enacted statute, a career open to talent, freedom from militarism with its temptations away from the national ideal and its burdens of taxation, opportunity as boundless as need, civic and social betterment carried out by the people themselves—such were the qualities, such were the achievements, which progressive Englishmen looked for with proud anticipation in the American democracy. They awaited here a triumph of their own theories, and, as we may see in what John Morley wrote of that fine and hopeful democrat, Ralph Waldo Emerson, or even in what Carlyle had to confess in 1871, they thought that America was doing her destined work well.

In such a line was, in truth, the only possibility of a great contribution of American democracy to England or the world. We shall return to that ideal all in good time. These passing flurries of war and dreams of territorial aggrandizement, with their gorgeous but fleeting Imperialistic visions, will not prevent our democratic instincts from asserting themselves again. We shall right ourselves, and show ourselves true to type. When we do, we shall leave off the military swagger which becomes us so ill, and once more devote ourselves to the expansion, not of our old boundaries, but of our old principles. They will, in the end, again make wealth and power subsidiary to the common good of the common people.

ADVICE TO MISSISSIPPI.

Mr. Stuyvesant Fish, President of the Illinois Central Railroad, was invited to address the University of Mississippi at its commencement exercises the present year. Having been prevented by other engagements from doing so, he addressed a letter to the Chancellor of the University, asking that it might be accepted in place of the address which he was requested to give.

Mr. Fish first makes some agreeable personal references to the memory of Lucius Q. C. Lamar, Senator and Justice of the Supreme Court from Mississippi, and of F. A. P. Barnard, Chancellor of the University of that State, before he was called to the head of Columbia College. He then passes to a survey of the growth and present condition of the two States of Mississippi and Iowa, from which he draws the text of a sound moral discourse. Mississippi was admitted into the Union in 1817, Iowa in 1846. In 1850 the former had more than three times the population of the latter. At the present time Iowa exceeds Mississippi in numbers by half a million. Iowa has 25,428,899 acres of improved lands; Mississippi

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has only 6,849,390. Iowa has 612,000 people living in cities, towns, and villages, while Mississippi has only 138,000. The more sluggish growth of the latter State was due, in part, to the institution of slavery before the civil war and to political disorder afterward, but both have since passed away, and the opportunity is now presented to Mississippi to enter the lists with any of the agricultural States of the North in the race of prosperity. In one particular Mississippi has made a great gain within the past ten years. She has practically abolished the "factor" system of farming, under which in former times the planter usually worked his land by means of advances from agents or money-lenders in New Orleans, Memphis, or Mobile. The charges made by the factors, including commissions on buying mules, ploughs, and supplies, and on selling the crop, and other charges which the planter had to pay, exceeded 20 per cent. As Mr. Fish says:

"No Northern State has ever stood, or is productive enough to stand, such a charge throughout a series of years, and yet the South generally, and particularly Mississippi, after four years of war followed by ten years of misrule, did, throughout a generation, under these circumstances, subsist and grow. This bears the strongest testimony possible to the fertility of the soil and the capacity of the people of Mississippi to work, endure, and conquer. The factors' credits began to be generally withdrawn after the panic of November, 1890, and to-day the farmers of Mississippi are very generally out of debt. Many parts of the State now enjoy the blessings of mixed farming and fruit culture, under which crops are marketed during the spring and summer months, thus furnishing the cash with which the cotton crop is now so largely grown."

Mr. Fish then turns his attention to the principal drawbacks upon the progress and prosperity of Mississippi in the past. These have been (1) slavery; (2) repudiation of the old State debt; (3) the civil war; (4) carpet-bag rule; (5) the practice on the part of the best-educated young men of going exclusively into the learned professions, to the exclusion of commercial, manufacturing, and other productive employments; (6) the emigration of large numbers of this class of young men to the cities of the North and West; (7) unwise restrictions imposed upon the granting of charters for associated capital; (8) the absolute control of all civil offices and political power by one party ever since carpet-bag rule was overthrown in 1876.

Among the suggestions in the interest of future growth and improvement, material and moral, made by Mr. Fish, the following seems to us the most weighty:

"Alike for the sake of the good name of the State, and from motives of enlightened self-interest, see to it that the stigma of repudiation be removed by making, with the creditors of the State, such honorable settlement as they may be willing to freely accept."

The fact that Mississippi repudiated her State debt by popular vote before the civil war, and again in her State Constitution after the war, is, of course, well known, but the details are not so well remembered. The disgraceful affair dates back to the thirties, at which time a bank mania was raging in the Southern country. The State decided to have a bank that would lend money to her needy planters. She incorporated the Union Bank, and issued State bonds to the amount of $5,000,000, to provide the capital. These she sold at the rate of 4s. 6d. per dollar, which was the par value, Mr. Nicholas Biddle being the buyer. Mr. Biddle sold them to various investors in Europe and the United States. Most of them found their way to England and Holland. The money of the Union Bank was loaned on inadequate security and lost. The bank failed within two years, and the State defaulted on the interest of the bonds. In 1841 the Governor of the State recommended repudiation of the debt, on the ground that the bonds were illegal, and had been fraudulently issued. The Legislature then in session protested vigorously against the Governor's recommendation, but the people sided with the Governor, and elected a new Legislature which agreed with him.

At that time the Constitution of the State allowed suit to be brought against her in her own courts. The bondholders sued the State. The courts, including the Court of Errors and Appeals, repeatedly held that the bonds were legal and valid claims against the State, but no appropriation was ever made by the Legislature for paying either principal or interest. In 1852 the question of levying a tax to pay the interest on the bonds was submitted to a popular vote, and was decided in the negative by about 4,000 majority. In the meantime, however, another batch of State bonds, issued for the benefit of the Planters' Bank in 1831-2, had gone to default in 1839, and these were repudiated also. In 1875, in the carpet-bag era, the State adopted her present Constitution, which forbids the payment of either the Union or the Planters' Bank bonds.

It can never be too late to raise a voice for the payment of a just debt. Minnesota once repudiated her railroad debt, but eventually she removed that blot from her escutcheon. Virginia within recent years made a compromise with her creditors, which, if not wholly satisfactory to them, removed her from the list of repudiating States. Upon Mississippi alone rests the stigma of repudiation unrelieved by even the pretence of excuse. She is now abundantly able to assume that old debt. She can never lift up a clear brow among her sister commonwealths until she does so.

THE TAXATION OF STREET RAILWAYS.

The judgment of the Supreme Court of New Jersey, in the matter of the taxation of the right of way of a Newark traction company, is of very great importance. We cannot regard the question as settled until the Court of Errors shall have passed upon it; but it is obvious that the doctrine laid down by the Supreme Court would greatly simplify the perplexed subject of franchise taxation. The point on which the decision turned was the nature of the right to occupy streets which railway companies possess. For some mysterious reason, tax-assessors have generally been unable to regard this right either as real estate or as personal property, and it required a special session of the New York Legislature to shape a franchise tax bill declaring rights of this kind to be real estate. We are still ignorant whether the Court of Appeals will hold the legal definition of the term real property, as used in the Constitution, to be a proper exercise of legislative power, and the New Jersey decision suggests that such definitions may well be intrusted to the courts.

It is generally understood that any estate or interest in land, if superior to a temporary license, is real estate. Hence it scarcely admits of question that the rights of the public in the highways, even when the fee of the land has not been acquired, are of the nature of real estate. When the fee remains in the abutting owners, the public has a perpetual easement, which is frequently of great value, and in cities has often to be acquired at great expense. It is said that the municipal authorities hold this easement as trustees for the public, but that does not affect the nature of the estate in the land. As the public does not tax itself, there has been no occasion to question the nature of its interest, and we believe that it would excite surprise were any one to raise such a question seriously. Such interests have been frequently acquired by exercising the right of eminent domain, which is certainly to be called depriving citizens of their lands, if language is used intelligibly.

What happens, then, when the public grants to a particular person or corporation an exclusive right to occupy a highway for a certain purpose? It would seem that this is a grant of an easement which is as much real estate as that out of which it is granted. If a private citizen grants a trolley company a right of way through his land, he considers that he parts with something of the nature of real property, and the trolley company probably thinks that it acquires a right of that nature. We venture to say that these companies make sure that such rights are conveyed by deeds, which are recorded with other conveyances of land. When they obtain grants from public authorities it is unnecessary to record them, but they are deeds nevertheless. Perhaps it is not going too far to say that, were

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it not to escape taxation, the traction companies would never have thought of denying that their rights of way were estates in land.

The arguments relied upon by the Newark company in opposing the tax assessed on its right of way were substantially two in number. It maintained that this right was not real estate, and that, if it were, it was of no value, because it was not exclusive. Justice Garrison, in his dissenting opinion, admits that the easement in the highways owned by the municipality is real estate, but maintains that the easement granted by the municipality is only an equitable interest. The municipality, he says, must retain the legal estate as trustee for the public. But this does not make it clear that an equitable interest in lands of such description, which is certainly much greater than that of a mortgagee, should not be taxable as real estate. There have been fewer changes in the common law in New Jersey than in most States, and the distinction may be valid there; but it is doubtful if it would be generally sustained.

The first argument, however, really rests on the second, which is one to be considered in the forum of common sense. The argument is that a trolley company has no greater right in the street than the foot traveller or the ordinary vehicle, and that its right is therefore no more subject to taxation than theirs. Those who are familiar with the early history of railroads in this country will remember that they were at first regarded in the same way as the old turnpike companies. As every man might drive on the turnpike, so, it was expected, any one might hitch up his own locomotive and car, and make use of the railroad. But the disastrous consequences of this method of railway operation were immediately discovered, and the result has been that the steam railroads have an exclusive easement in the land on which they operate, and their interest in this land seems to be real estate, if any interest in land can be. It would be pedantic to contend that when certain individuals are empowered by law to remove certain others from their homes, and expel them from their lands, in order to carry on the business of transportation, the rights thus transferred are not rights in land. They are practically all the rights in land that have any value whatever.

The prevailing opinion in the New Jersey Supreme Court presents the matter clearly and forcibly. "As between the city of Newark, having such title to the highways, and the trolley company, the latter has acquired the right to lay on the soil the foundations for its tracks, to lay rails thereupon, and the right to the continuous, uninterrupted occupancy of such part of the public estate. Its poles and its tracks are there permanently, to the exclusion of any other person who might desire to occupy the land." To say that such a right is no greater than that enjoyed by the public in general, is, in the words of the Court, "in conflict with the evidence of our senses." Should this sensible view come to prevail, the problem of taxing traction companies would become only a problem of just assessment. The monopoly of the use of the streets is certainly property of value, and therefore taxable. The earnings of the traction companies will enable the assessors to judge of the value of these lucrative privileges.

PUBLIC MORALITY AND THE THEATRE.

More journals than one, in recent years, have directed attention to the necessarily demoralizing effect upon the public at large of indecency upon the stage, and have urged the importance of imposing some restraint upon an evil which has been growing for a good while, attained serious proportions long ago, and threatens now to relegate modesty to the limbo of extinct virtues. A note of alarm on the same subject is sounded by an Englishwoman, in an English review. She asks whether it can be possible that the girls of the rising generation are really deficient in that natural delicacy which is among the most precious attributes of the sex, and points to their habitual presence at entertainments of acknowledged impropriety, as a justification of her inquiry. Their complacent enjoyment in the theatre of unseemly words and actions, of which they would profess abhorrence elsewhere, can be explained, she argues, in only one of two ways: either impurity does not shock them, and their ordinary assumption of modesty is a conventional sham, or else they cherish the delusion, which is incredible, that the theatre is so essentially unreal, so disconnected from actual life, that nothing said or done in it matters much to the beholder.

There can be no doubt that the violations in our theatres of the laws of common propriety have been growing more frequent and more flagrant of late, and especially in those houses which are supposed to be supported mainly by the most cultivated classes of society. During the last few months, not to be too specific, there have been presented, in first-class theatres, several plays abounding not only in unclean suggestion, but even in grossly coarse action, without exciting any symptoms of surprise or indignation on the part of the audience. On the contrary, the most "risky" scenes, as it is now the fashion to call them, were received with every sign of cordial approbation by both male and female spectators. It is also a fact that some of the plays which, one would have thought, ought to have been most objectionable to persons of refined taste, have attracted their largest audiences at the afternoon performances, which, as everybody knows, are attended chiefly by women.

The most obvious inference from all this, that the women of to-day, or a large proportion of them, are depraved, or, to put it more euphemistically, less dainty in their instincts than those of preceding generations, is not necessarily the true one. It does not follow that all the women seen at such performances are there of malice prepense, that they go to them more than once, or that they are attracted by what is worst in them. But, however this may be, there can be no dispute as to the existence of a considerable body of playgoers with an appetite for foul or coarse flavors—an appetite which grows by what it feeds on—or as to the debasing effect upon the public of a theatrical policy which caters to it. Innocence herself could not long breathe an atmosphere so polluted without contamination. The commercial managers, upon whom the responsibility for unwholesome productions primarily rests, contend, of course, that they have no discretion in the matter, that their financial existence depends upon their compliance with the law of supply and demand, and that they would have to go out of business if they did not give the public what it wanted. Over and over again has the utter fallacy of this defence been pointed out, but none the less do they continue to repeat the old silly parrot cry.

A moment's reflection is sufficient to convince any person of ordinary intelligence that the public has no means of expressing a demand, or at all events, never does express anything like a general demand, for any particular kind of dramatic entertainment, whereas the character of the future supply is determined arbitrarily by the managers. The sole privilege of the theatre-goer is the right to choose between the various performances provided for him. He naturally selects the best that he can find, but this is no proof that he is contented with what he gets, or that he would not have preferred something better. The success or failure of a play is itself no evidence of its quality, or necessarily of its real popularity, which can be demonstrated only by its vitality in successive revivals. A fictitious and lucrative popularity may be, and often has been, maintained for weeks, or even months, by the arts of advertisement, the notoriety of a performer, a striking novelty of scenic effect, the momentary interest of the topic, or the shameless promise of some peculiar audacity.

It is true, doubtless, that some abominable plays have flourished amazingly for a season, but it is also true that very few of them are long-lived. Like other rubbish, they blaze fiercely for a

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brief period, and then collapse in a malodorous fizzle. Almost all of the plays which endure—apart from the masterpieces—are essentially innocent, with honest appeals to the fundamental emotions or the common humor of humanity. How is this indisputable fact to be reconciled with the alleged craving of the great body of the public for the impure? How is it that the most successful plays of the present period, not only in this city, but in London, include such entirely innocent pieces as "A Royal Family," "Brother Officers," and "The Second in Command"? The reference here is not to literary or artistic merit, but to the mere vulgar capacity for money-making—the one managerial standard of virtue. How is it that "Uncle Tom's Cabin," after forty years of maltreatment, can still draw crowds in all parts of the country, if the mind of the masses is inclined to the unclean?

There is no evidence of any kind to support such a theory. The popular books of the day, which are sold by the hundreds of thousands, may not represent the highest literary standard, but they are not immoral or coarse. Moreover, the cheaper entertainments in the music-halls and the minor theatres are almost invariably decent, however much they may be lacking in sense or refinement. It seems that it is only in the higher, or rather the more expensive, order of theatres that scenes are represented and words are uttered which no self-respecting man or woman ought to be able to see or hear without indignation.

THE AMHERST ECLIPSE EXPEDITION. —II.

SINGAPORE, April 23, 1901.

A vertical sun, luxuriant foliage, thronging specimens of every nation on earth, and obvious British rule, masterful, benign, unquestioned—these are Singapore, or S'pore, as the wilted residents from more temperate regions write it. Countless jinrikishas drawn by Chinese coolies, local hackney carriages, or gharries, with their kitten-like ponies, bullock-carts driven by Malays or Klings, open victorias of English residents, the high cart affected by wealthy Chinese with its footmen and outriders often in a livery of gold-embroidered green velvet, people from Mandalay and Burmah, Siam and Java, Cingalese men with carefully arranged hair and round tortoise-shell combs, Germans, Dutch, Japanese, fill the streets. And here (unlike the United States, where immediately upon landing every emigrant attempts to become American, his nationality unrecognizable after a few weeks) everybody as a matter of course preserves unaltered the characteristics of his race in dress, customs, language; making of Singapore the most cosmopolitan city on the globe.

Hither have come eclipse expeditions from many countries, on their way into the path of shadow which will fall comparatively near. Fifteen or sixteen of these parties have established themselves on the west coast of Sumatra, chiefly at Padang, or just below at Painan. Among those who have chosen this position is Mr. Newall of Cambridge, chief of the British Eclipse Expedition, and with him Mr. F. W. Dyson, chief assistant to the Astronomer Royal at Greenwich. They have in their equipment a Thompson photoheliograph, historic from having been successfully used by the Astronomer Royal in India in 1898 and last year in Portugal, and a double camera for photographing the long streamers of the outer corona. The possible rotation of the corona will also be investigated. The United States Naval Observatory party, in charge of Prof. A. N. Skinner, passed Singapore about ten days ago, proceeding on the *Buffalo* to Padang. In addition to Prof. W. S. Eichelberger, Mr. F. B. Littell, Mr. G. H. Peters, Mr. L. E. Jewell, and Mr. W. W. Dinwiddie of the Observatory, a number of astronomers from other institutions accompany them—Prof. E. E. Barnard of the Yerkes Observatory, Dr. S. A. Mitchell of Columbia University, Dr. W. J. Humphreys of the University of Virginia, Dr. N. E. Gilbert of Johns Hopkins, and Dr. H. D. Curtis of Leander McCormick Observatory. Their work will be photographic, spectroscopic, and polariscopic, and several stations have been planned, the provisional localities to be changed should it be deemed wiser, upon arrival. One, however, will probably be at Fort de Kock, near the northern border, others at Solok, about thirty miles from the centre, and at the central line farther south.

During the last week of March, Professor Perrine of the Lick Observatory, with Mr. R. H. Curtis as assistant, arrived, and also Prof. Shin Hirayama and Mr. K. Hirayama from Tokyo University, all of whom left very soon for Padang. The Dutch astronomers, Mr. Wilterdink of the Leyden Observatory, Professors Nyland and Julius of Utrecht, sailed about the middle of March directly for Padang, near which certain members of the Jesuit mission at Calcutta will set up their instruments. From the Institute of Technology in Boston, the party is in charge of Prof. A. E. Burton, assisted by Mr. George L. Hosmer and Mr. Harrison W. Smith of the Institute and Mr. Gerard H. Matthes of the United States Geological Survey. Mr. Matthes is a native of Holland, who came to the United States in 1891, graduating at the Institute four years later, and becoming a citizen of the United States. They left New York on February 23, and have established their station on high ground near the terminus of the railway running from Padang to mines in the mountains. Magnetic and pendulum observations will be made, as well as photographs of the corona, the region near the sun, and of the shadow bands. Mr. A. Lawrence Rotch, director of Blue Hill Meteorological Observatory, and Professor Upton of Brown University are expected just before the eclipse, for observations chiefly meteorological.

It is, perhaps, unfortunate that so many important expeditions and fine instruments are gathered in one locality. Should weather conditions prove unkind on the great eclipse day, all would probably suffer equal defeat under such circumstances. On the other hand, should clear skies prevail, an extensive and brilliant success must be recorded. Padang is, of course, somewhat easier of access for observers and heavy instruments than Borneo or Celebes; and while totality is longer on the west coast of Sumatra than in the latter islands, weather conditions do not promise as favorably as farther east in Makassar Strait, or farther west at Mauritius, where Mr. Maunder of the Royal Observatory at Greenwich will work in connection with Mr. Claxton, director of the Observatory. The Dutch Government has kindly announced that no duties or examinations will be required on anything brought by the astronomers, even of articles commonly not exempt from the tariff.

Professor Todd, in charge of the Amherst College Eclipse Expedition, has established his observing station at Singkep, a small Dutch island under the residency of Rhiow, of the Dutch East Indies, and also under the Sultan of Lingga. It is about 170 miles southeast of Singapore, almost exactly at the centre of the eclipse track. Dabok, the only town on Singkep, is headquarters of a tin company, whose officials, in addition to the general Government courtesies, have most generously offered every facility for observation, as well as workmen and comfort in living during our stay on these equatorial shores. Dabok is fourteen miles north of the exact central line of totality, and thirty miles south of the equator. Though farther east than Padang, its totality is six minutes and fifteen seconds, which is precisely the same, Padang being farther north of the central line than Dabok.

Professor Todd, with his assistants and instruments, is already at Singkep, for eclipses will not wait, even for royalty; so it remained for the unofficial members of his party to participate at Singapore in the festivities attending the visit of the Duke and Duchess of Cornwall and York. From Gibraltar onward we have been but two or three days in advance of the *Ophir* and her distinguished company; while English and colonial newspapers have been filled for weeks with descriptions of their departure, the preparations for welcome, and programmes to be carried out from England to Australia. Singapore may not be more loyal than the other colonies visited, but her greeting must have been more picturesque. For many days in advance the streets have been aflame with brilliant decorations, Malay, Indian, Chinese. Triumphal arches, in a dozen native shapes, spanned every important corner, with huge iridescent dragons curling about columns, and welcomes in many languages and tints suspended in every square and thoroughfare. The enormous pink lotus, with its green leaves; strange animals, birds, and fishes, tropical fruits and flowers—floated or clung or swung on every hand. The streets were turned into tunnels, or arcades, by roofs of bright-colored stuffs and canopies of green, and at sunset a million lights flashed out in the midst, bringing into strangely glowing beauty the bats and butterflies and blossoms which by day were merely colored shapes. At night the dragons' eyes flashed fire, the crabs and lobsters took on soft, gleaming reds as the lights shone through; and strings and festoons of lanterns in every conceivable shape, like pulsating globes of red and green and yellow flame, were looped and crossed over the streets and along the house-fronts, and decorative sentiments in Chinese characters glowed in every color from a thousand corners. It was a fairy city, even more beau-

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tiful, because more varied, than Japanese *matsuri* adornments.

On Sunday morning, April 21, the *Ophir* was sighted very early, and about eleven o'clock the royal party landed on Johnson's Pier, beautifully carpeted, and decorated with palms and flags for their reception. It was a brilliant scene, with the high sun blazing through a cloudless tropical sky; the Madras infantry, in thin khaki uniform and turbans, drawn up in line; and the splendid Sikh cavalry in scarlet coats and dark blue turbans galloping as guard before and after the Duke and Duchess in their carriage, while every building was hidden under flags and pennants, every window and balcony gay with spectators, and tiers of special seats around the square formed pyramids of pretty summer gowns and fair Southern faces. In the evening the guests drove down from Government house, and spent an hour or two in the Chinese quarter, whose streets had been cleared of jinrikishas and other vehicles for their passage. The most gorgeous lighting and decoration of all was reserved for this evening, and wonderfully beautiful it was. On Monday the programme was almost continuous, the most interesting, perhaps, in the morning, when the Duke and Duchess, at the Town Hall, received the addresses of loyal bodies, and the Sultans of native states were presented. The only address read was that from Singapore, in English, to which the Duke replied in a short manly speech; the native dignitaries giving written loyalty in magnificent boxes and cases of gold, silver, ivory, tortoise-shell, which corresponded in richness with their superb robes of state. After tiffin the children's celebration occurred at the big Chinese pagoda, crowned by a heroic statue of "Britannia"; and then the Duke, with a number of his suite, came over to see the polo game in the cool of the afternoon, where a fine ground, perfect horses and riders, and a sky shaded by piles of shining cumulus caused him to linger for an hour or more.

The torchlight procession, with more than sixty floats, representing every sort of characteristic native custom, with undulating dragons more than a hundred feet long, native dances, and battles of fishes, wound gorgeously through the grounds of Government House in the evening. In deference to the Court mourning, no public reception was given for presentations to their Royal Highnesses, and at all the functions ladies wore black or white only.

On Tuesday morning, 23d, the *Ophir* sailed away for Australia, amid the deafening salutes of cannon, the waving of flags, and a regatta for small boats, and with every ship in the harbor dressed from truck to waterline. To-day the decorations are being carefully taken down, and bullock-carts of lanterns and palms, inscriptions and flags file by in trustworthy charge of Kling drivers. The streets, though still picturesque, are returning to their normal aspect of shops and traffic. The great holiday is over.

MABEL LOOMIS TODD.

ART AT THE ROYAL ACADEMY.

LONDON, May, 1901.

The success of the Royal Academy seldom depends upon a question of art; and this spring, so far as the great public is concerned, M. Benjamin-Constant's portrait of Queen Victoria is the "picture of the year." None other is being quite so much discussed, and praised, and damned. It was in the Paris Exhibition last summer. There artists passed it with a shrug; it seemed a pity that a painter of M. Benjamin-Constant's ability should stoop to so paltry a device to express the dignity and splendor of royalty. In London, at the King's special command, it is hung in a centre of honor, on a wall by itself, in the midst of draperies and palms. It is the manner of its reception here that gives it its interest. It completes appropriately the history of the royal patronage of art during the Victorian period.

It was natural that, after the death of the Queen, the effort should be made to endow her with every virtue, and enthusiasts should be ready to see in her a great connoisseur, a noble patron of art, an artist herself. But in calmer moments the most loyal admit that, as some one said the other day, the life of royalty during the Victorian reign was essentially "middle-class," and appreciation of art is not a middle-class prerogative. The Queen did encourage painters and sculptors, she even dabbled in art, as she dabbled in literature, and her water-colors, etchings, and lithographs have been seen in exhibitions and at sales. The taste of the amateur, however, is not infallible, and, certainly, the Queen, with all the good will in the world, usually managed to encourage artists of least distinction, foreigners by preference. The "Painter to the Queen" has only too often been the painter unknown beyond the royal circle. From Wilkie and Winterhalter, the two most notable, to the manufacturers of the Jubilee pictures, there has not been one really great artist to do for her what Holbein did for Henry VIII., Vandyck for Charles I. The house of Hanover never continued worthily the fine traditions of the Tudors and the Stuarts. And yet, it is in the portrait by the master that the mightiest sovereign lives longest, and many hoped till the end that the Queen, to whom years had given the beauty of old age and the character developed during a long reign, would forget her natural delight in the mediocre and sit to a distinguished artist. Instead, we have as her last portrait M. Benjamin-Constant's, painted, as he explains, not from life, but from a "likeness," probably a photograph. It is said that, when finished, the portrait was submitted to the Queen, who was so pleased that she did allow him a few minutes' sitting. But there is little suggestion of this in the work itself.

M. Benjamin-Constant's Queen is a lay figure arranged in shapeless, incoherent draperies, holding a fan and handkerchief to denote the woman, crowned and seated on the throne in the House of Lords to denote the Queen. The painter has told us, in a late number of *Harper's*, how impressed he was during his visit to the House of Lords, how he there had visions of majesty. But never were visions recorded in more theatrical commonplace. The background might have been borrowed from the Lyceum, and so also might the stream of brilliant light that falls from an unseen window upon the head of the Queen and upon her golden throne. The design is without dignity, the effect without splendor. But this is the portrait offered to the public with the royal and official sanction. I have written of it at length because of the prominence given it at the Academy, and insisted upon by the King, who has already shown his active interest in art matters by this public approval of M. Benjamin-Constant and his patronage of Professor Herkomer. It looks as if British artists have not much more to expect from the present reign than from the past.

If M. Benjamin-Constant absorbs the attention of the public at the Academy, Mr. Sargent as surely attracts the artist. It seems to me it would be an advantage to Mr. Sargent not to show, during the next year or two, in the Academy, where there is danger of his losing eventually all sense of proportion. Among the anæmic Academicians, he towers a giant in physical strength and technical ability. But then, it is so easy to tower in an exhibition from which, gradually, the more accomplished outsider is being banished. Either he is rejected, or else contemptuous treatment in the past has taught him the wisdom of not submitting his work. Nothing has struck me so much this spring as the absence of men whose reputation is great abroad, and who, at home, are honored in every other gallery. I need not refer to Mr. Whistler; that is an old story. But such promising portrait-painters among the younger men as Mr. Greiffenhagen, Mr. C. H. Shannon, Mr. Steer, have no place. The Glasgow School, with one or two exceptions, have definitively ceased to expose themselves to the Academical insult. You look in vain through the catalogue for the names of landscape painters of the position of Mr. Muhrman, Mr. Peppercorn, Mr. Mura, Mr. Priestman. In a word, artists in whom Mr. Sargent might find dangerous competitors do not appear, and he has the stage to himself.

He fills it sensationally, it cannot be denied, with his portrait group of the "Daughters of A. Wertheimer, Esq." It is one of the portraits that make you fancy Mr. Sargent's studio a sort of confessional, where the unfortunate sitter can conceal no secret of race or individual character. Again, he has painted as background a quiet room, low in tones and peaceful, a few pictures on the walls, a tall Oriental jar standing to one side. He seems to have lingered tenderly over the detail; to have spent his refinement on the subdued gold of the frames, that he might bring out with greater force—brutality, I was on the point of saying—the figures of the two sisters in glowing red and white, the arm of one twined about the waist of the other, who stand, side by side, in a full, clear light. Both are painted with all Mr. Sargent's cleverness and vivacity. The open fan held by one is in itself a marvel, so audacious is its foreshortening. After the Richmonds, the Herkomers, the Oulesses, they have life and substance. But their cleverness is over-emphasized. They fairly jump at you from the canvas; that low-toned room could not possibly hold within itself two such brilliant creatures; and the self-revelation, the race-revelation, in their faces makes you turn away as if to look longer were an indiscretion. It is astonishing that Mr. Sargent can be so clever, but art is not merely cleverness. Place the portrait in the room just now consecrated to Velasquez at the Guildhall, and I am afraid it would seem but flippant and crude in the midst of the stately kings and princes and statesmen of the Spanish master. Indeed, Mr. Sargent can do better, and has done better, in a quiet half-length portrait of "Mrs. Charles Russell" that hangs opposite: a lady

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in pale rose and white, standing, with her face in shadow, her elbows resting on a table close to a beautifully painted silver lamp. There is as much character expressed in the nervous face, the long thin neck, the sensitive hands, as in his more daring figures, while the canvas has the pictorial unity and restraint Mr. Sargent so often chooses to neglect. He shows several other portraits, three of men, two of family groups: the "Sir George Sitwell and His Family" having been much talked about because of the splendid rendering of tapestry and ornament in a luxuriously appointed room. But the figures seem to have been dropped by chance into the composition: the man in hunting clothes, his wife in evening gown, the two children playing on the floor, have absolutely no relation to each other.

Mr. Abbey is not very interesting this year. He has a picture of "Crusaders Sighting Jerusalem," but it is rather too obvious and theatrical in both design and color. He shows no drawings, always a reason for regret. "Subject" pictures are fewer than ever. Mr. Orchardson repeats, but on a small scale, the pale golden-toned interior he can paint so charmingly. Sir Edward Poynter and Sir Alma-Tadema are faithful to the classics, Mr. Waterhouse to myths and symbolism. Of their work little is to be said that has not been said before.

The Queen's funeral has its records; Mr. Wyllie painting the solemn pageant on water, Mr. John Charlton, the pageant in the streets of London. But both are so chilled and intimidated by the royal motive that on their canvases there is no pageant at all. It is curious to note the benumbing, paralyzing effect of royalty on the British artist of the present generation. Mr. Onslow Ford, a sculptor who has produced much that is delightful, was commissioned by the city of Manchester to design a memorial to Queen Victoria, and is showing the result in the Academy. It is on a colossal scale, in marble and bronze; but, bewildered, his one device to give majesty and might to the figure of the seated Queen is to overpower it by the voluminous flow of the royal robes that fall in billows and billows of bronze on either side, the base of the monument curving violently out to receive them. Exhausted, apparently, by this effort, he had no courage left for the upper part of the throne, which is small and insignificant, out of all proportion. A small, unpretending bust by Mr. Brock is more satisfactory, probably for the simple reason that there was less chance to go astray. But it does not inspire one to hope great things for the Victoria Memorial it is proposed to erect in London. Mr. Brock has already received the commission as sculptor, while five architects are to compete for the honor of working with him. The noise of the public dissatisfaction with this arrangement and the public demand for an open competition has probably reached America. But at one time the public protest was no less loud against Sir William Richmond's decoration of St. Paul's, and nothing has come of it; Sir William Richmond goes placidly on covering Wren's walls with his mosaics. It will probably be the same with the Victoria Memorial. The outcry has been made, no attention has been paid to it, and the competitors will remain the five appointed. To "sit tight" is the policy of the wise in England.

There is nothing else of importance in the sculpture-room, except Mr. Sargent's fine crucifix, the model for which was shown last year. The landscapes are not of very striking merit; the more ambitious they are, the less successful. Here and there you come upon a charming little study of light by Mr. Stott and Mr. Clausen, and more violent experiments by Mr. La Thangue. Mr. Thaulow, in his renderings of snow and ice and the luminous winter sky, impresses one nowhere else as so wonderful a technician; a fact easy to understand. Pleasant pastorals by Mr. Lemon also await the patient visitor who searches for them, and these are really all. It is not an encouraging year's harvest if you consider the number of Government and County Council schools, and the increasing army of artists who eke out their incomes by opening their studios to students. As for the water-colors and the black-and-white, they invite silence. N. N.

Correspondence.

THE FLOYD OBELISK.

To the Editor of The Nation:

Sir: Memorial Day in Sioux City was celebrated by a dedication. There was a procession, military and civic, with banners, songs, speeches, and prayers, on an uninhabited bluff three miles south of the city. This ceremony was before an obelisk a hundred feet high, in proportions as well as altitude reproducing the ideal hecatompedon of Karnak, which pilgrims on the Nile are content to go up so far to see. The highest word writ large on the obelisk was Floyd. Beneath was the following legend, displayed in fifteen lines:

"This shaft marks the burial place of Sergeant Charles Floyd, a member of the Lewis and Clark expedition. He died in his country's service, and was buried near this spot August 20, 1804. Graves of such men are pilgrim shrines—shrines to no class or creed confined. Erected A. D. 1900 by the Floyd Memorial Association, assisted by the United States and by the State of Iowa."

The words on the east face of this shaft declare it a memorial of the first step in providential expansion westward, and from its base, which stands one hundred and twenty-five feet above the Missouri water-level, there is a wide outlook over both Nebraska and South Dakota.

Floyd's name stands highest and on the forefront of this pillar for several reasons. He was the first soldier that died in our country's service in the trans-Missouri purchase, and was laid in the earth beneath the first cedar post marking peaceful advance by comrades who first burst through the continent to the mouth of the Columbia. He was thus a prototype and representative of millions who were to follow. The grave was revisited two years afterwards by his fellow-adventurers when homeward bound. In 1832 Catlin, the first canoe artist who sketched the great river downward from the Yellowstone, lingered nowhere so long and lovingly. At the end of seven years more, Nicollet, in charge of a Government steamer, set upright the fallen cedar post which had been placed at the new-made grave. It was fifty years after Floyd's death before any American settled near, yet in 1857, when a river flood tore away much of the burial hill, pioneers rescued the perishing skeleton and reinterred it out of harm's way backward on the same bluff. The bluff continued to be called Sergeant's, and the river entering the Missouri at its foot Floyd's—both so named by his companions; but no stone or post showed the place of the second interment.

In the ninetieth year, however, after Floyd's death, Mr. Thwaites, Secretary of the Wisconsin Historical Society, in exploring the chaos of writings garnered in Madison by his predecessor, came across a manuscript which neither he nor any one else had imagined to have ever existed at all—a journal by Floyd; an itinerary creeping in petty pace from day to day from the start up the Missouri for ninety-seven days, even to the day before his death. No sooner was this find noised abroad than Prof. J. D. Butler was invited to speak about it in Boston, before the American Antiquarian Society, at their next meeting, and the document, with his remarks, was printed in the very words of its author by the Society, both in their Proceedings (vol ix., p. 224-252), and in separates.

A rumor of this publication and then a stray copy of it reached Sioux City. If not the creator of local zeal, it was at least the match which kindled it into a blaze. It was at once followed there by study of Coues's monumental edition of Lewis & Clark, and by shame that Floyd lay without even a memorial post—indeed, that no mortal knew where he lay. It was only after much baffled but renewed endeavor that his bones were detected by coöperative search. As this find in 1895 occurred on Memorial Day, the association then formed chose that day for dedicating whatever monument they might be able to build. Meantime they enclosed the relics in a funeral-urn, on which Professor Butler laid the journal which he had come five hundred miles to bring. The urn was placed in the same grave, beneath a massive slab suitably inscribed, which proved the corner-stone of the obelisk. The journal was an acorn which, within six years, grew into a hecatompedon grander than any oak ever planted. It gave birth to a memorial standing in a park of over twenty acres, and itself surpassed by a tomb of honor over no single man less than a national President.

The function on the bluff, over before noon, was followed after dinner in the city by a speech from John A. Kasson, the Iowa diplomat, concerning the Louisiana purchase, and consequent expansion through the world of the West. In the evening, the Romance of Floyd's book was told by Professor Butler, the first charter member of the Floyd Association. He pointed out a mention, now recognized as of Floyd's MS., in the only letter dispatched to Jefferson by Lewis while on his westward way. He traced its transmission to St. Louis, to Floyd's father in Kentucky, and thence to Madison, and accounted for its remaining so long in hiding there. The year before its discovery he had argued in the *Nation* (Nos. 1478-79) that such a find was not only possible, but probable, and had urged search. He declared the autograph which he held up as a secular ostensorium to be an obelisk which Floyd, building wiser than he knew, had made for himself, and which, thanks to alphabetic letters and the art preservative, would go out into all the earth, while the stones piled in his honor must stand stationary, and would endure when they had

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crumbled into the sands from which they had been conglomerated. *Forma mentis æterna.* Yet he rejoiced in the obelisk, praying that it might rival the longevity of its Egyptian model, whose years are already seven times five hundred, and might pass on as long as the testimony of the Roman obelisk which witnessed the martyr faith of Christians burned around it by Nero, and which bears the words, "Christus vivit, Christus regnat, Christus vincit, Christus vindicat suum populum ab omni malo."

The cost of this memorial was $20,000, half of it paid by the State and nation. In the judgment of its author and finisher, Capt. H. M. Chittenden, U. S. Engineers, it must have cost much more but for conditions unexpectedly auspicious. The weight of its base is 278 tons; of the superstructure, 566 tons. The material is Kettle River sandstone, which is reputed to be of perdurable toughness.

'X. Y. Z.

Sioux City, Iowa, June 1, 1901.

Notes.

The power of association has often been tested in the case of new illustrations for old classics, and now the Messrs. Harper announce that Mr. Peter Newell is to challenge comparison with Sir John Tenniel by furnishing designs for a fresh edition of 'Alice in Wonderland.' Our droll American does not lack courage.

Librarians who have received a prospectus of the 'Universal Classic Manuscripts,' should know that it is simply a reproduction of the 'Facsimiles of Royal, Historical, Literary, and Other Autographs,' issued by the British Museum in 1895-99, and sold at about half the price asked for this reproduction. The prospectus makes no mention of the source from which the work is drawn, and, in fact, by speaking of it as "perhaps the most important publication *inaugurated in the new century*," distinctly conceals its source; yet the only difference is in a special introduction by S. M. Hamilton of the Bureau of Rolls, Washington.

A fourth edition in five years of Prof. Kuno Francke's 'Social Forces in German Literature' testifies to the solid worth and singularity of a work which we reviewed at considerable length on its first appearance. To conform with the English edition, the title has now been changed to 'A History of German Literature as Determined by Social Forces' (Henry Holt & Co.), and this is certainly more apt, as suggestive of the reference book rather than of the essay. Some enlargement has been effected by draughts from the author's 'Glimpses of Modern German Culture' and otherwise.

College teachers of English will be interested in a useful little book, entitled 'The Beginnings of English Literature,' by Prof. Charlton M. Lewis of Yale (Ginn & Co.). Obviously and avowedly the volume is not intended to serve as a manual of its field; its purpose is to aid in the orientation of young students who are about to approach the first-hand study of the greater English classics. Without being unduly sketchy, the treatment has been guided by commendable principles of condensation and selection. After concise introductory chapters upon "The Making of the Race" and "The Making of the Language," there are an excellent account of the more important mediæval types and tendencies of literature, a good chapter on Chaucer, and a discussion, adequate to its end, of the English writing of the fifteenth and early sixteenth century, and of the meaning of the Renaissance. The form is attractive and the substance trustworthy throughout. Literary generalizations are wisely avoided. These qualities, coupled with its copious and well-chosen extracts, should make the book valuable in the actual instruction of underclassmen.

Dr. H. Drinkwater's lectures on 'First Aid to the Injured' (London: Dent; New York: Macmillan) are excellent for laymen in the presence of accidents. However, the time-honored direction for a woman whose clothes are on fire to lie down—amended here by the vigorous injunction to the bystander, "if she is standing when you see her, catch hold of her dress-collar or her hair from behind, and pull her down backwards without warning"—may sometimes be modified by consideration of the circumstances. The danger to be avoided is the burning of the woman, not of her clothes. The clothing, therefore, should be drawn from the person, and frequently all that is required is to take her dress between the hands and draw it outward, smothering the flame by rapid friction downward and away. In incipient fires that frequently is sufficient. The little book is profusely illustrated, generally to the advantage of the text. But a scheme intended to demonstrate the circulation (fig. 9) would surely mislead the student who had no other knowledge of the situation of the lungs and other viscera than as there displayed.

The 'Philippines Military Memorandum Book and Map' is part 10 of 'The American in the Philippines,' prepared by Capt. A. von Brandis (150 East Sixty-fifth Street, New York) and to be published under due encouragement. The English is not clear, and the abbreviations are complicated. A small collection of phrases (English-Malay) implies that the Tágal is the common Malayan tongue instead of a dialect thereof. From this brick we cannot approve the monument.

The handsome privately printed volume of 'Speeches at the Lotos Club' may be regarded as a sort of appendix to the nine volumes of 'Modern Eloquence' noticed by us in a recent number of this journal. Its embellishment in portraiture surpasses that of the larger work, and, singly or in a group, commemorates the chief after-dinner speakers and local orators of this city, together with many men of letters. But, in the thirty years of the club's existence, not a few foreigners have lifted up their voices at its festivals, from Charles Kingsley, Froude, Wilkie Collins, Lord Houghton, and Tom Hughes to Minister Wu. The collection has, therefore, an international interest within the limits of club oratory.

A praiseworthy deliberateness in doing well what has to be done, produces only now part ii. of Esther Singleton's 'The Furniture of Our Forefathers' (Doubleday, Page & Co.). The full-page plates, critically described by Mr. Russell Sturgis, are beautiful selections, mostly from Pennsylvania, Virginia, and South Carolina. The frontispiece is Washington's chamber at Mount Vernon.

The sixteenth of the sumptuous Filson Club Publications (Louisville: John P. Morton & Co.) has to tell of 'Boonesborough: Its Founding, Pioneer Struggles, Indian Experiences, Transylvanian Days, and Revolutionary Annals.' The author, Mr. George W. Rauck, a well-known student of Kentucky history, has thoroughly assimilated his materials, and his narrative has the merit of lightness and readableness in an unusual degree. His style sometimes lapses into colloquialisms, but is very evenly sustained and is capable of graphic description. In an appendix he masses the most important documents, with supplementary discussions and historical data; this fills as many pages as the text, the whole being in a bold type. Beautiful photographic illustrations record all that time and nature have spared of a settlement of great promise in the first days of Kentucky white colonization, which escaped repeated attacks from the Indians, French, and British, was at one time the leading town in the then westernmost county of Virginia, and finally dwindled beyond identification by any trace of the work of man. Two springs closely related to the site have outlasted it. Daniel Boone, of course, figures largely in these pages, and his hunting relics are photographed as now preserved in Louisville.

'A Chronological Index of the Chief Events in the Foreign Intercourse of Korea' is the title of a large and attractive pamphlet of seventy pages compiled by Dr. Horace N. Allen, our American envoy in Korea, and privately printed by him in a limited edition of 300 copies. Eight pages show in outline what happened from the beginning of the Christian era to 1876, the year of the first independent treaty, while thirty-four pages are needed to name the events in detail from that point to the twentieth century. There is a complete list of Korean treaties and agreements, with lists of the foreign consuls and diplomatic officials in Korea from their first arrival. The chiefs of the Korean Foreign Office, since the establishment of the latter in 1882 (twelve years before it became a department), are named, and their number (forty-five) shows the extremely unstable tenure of office in this branch of political activity. There is, further, a list of the Commissioners of Customs in the Korean service, and one of books on Korea, with a good index. One does not have to study these Korean names very long to see that if New York has her Tammany Hall, and China her Mantchus, Japan her rival Satsuma and Choshiu clans, little Korea—now Tai-Han, and nominally an empire, with an emperor—is ruled by the Min, Pak, and Kim clans, though the Choh, Soh, and Ye families have an hereditary grip on the Treasury and appointing power. Equal in gravity to Korea's other problems—of the foreigners who are now always to be with her, and of the semi-chronic insurrection in her southern provinces—is that of her over-supply of *yang-ban* (civil and military) office-seekers, by whom the capital is kept in a state of congestion and the rest of the country in poverty.

The April Quarterly Bulletin of the American Institute of Architects (Washington) sets forth briefly the genesis of a very important movement for the embellishment of the national capital. Last year's convention of the Institute in Washington, on the hundredth anniversary of occupancy as the capital, was improved to revive the memory of L'Enfant's imposing and far-sighted scheme for the treatment of parks "and the

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harmonious, utilitarian, and artistic grouping of Government structures." A committee to confer with Congress was appointed, from which has resulted a Senate resolution empowering the Senate District Committee to employ experts and draw up a scheme; the choice by the Committee, on the recommendation of the Institute, of Mr. D. H. Burnham of Chicago (the leading spirit of the World's Fair of 1893) and Mr. F. L. Olmsted, jr., as two members of a commission of three; and their selection of Mr. Charles F. McKim as their colleague. This commission, composed not more for professional weight than for perfect co-operation, has been for some two months ardently studying its vast problem, with a time-limit for its report somewhat scant, yet sufficient for a blocking out of its conception in the main details.

If such a combination of classical learning and delightful writing as M. Gaston Boissier exhibits were more common with scholars, it would no doubt help much to preserve the prestige of the study of the classics. The question, "How Tacitus Became an Historian," which M. Boissier has chosen as title for an article in the *Revue des Deux Mondes* for May 15, involves not only the intellectual development and public career of the foremost of Roman historians, but also a lucid picture of the changeful *milieu* in which he moved during the reigns of the three Flavians and the emperors immediately preceding and following them. The perfect blending of these two elements lends to M. Boissier's essay its peculiar charm.

The deplorable condition of public education in Greece is discussed with great frankness by Dr. Zagojannis, professor of pedagogy in the University of Athens, in a treatise published in the *Deutsche Zeitschrift für ausländisches Unterrichtswesen* for April. The number of classical gymnasia, in relation to the population of the country, is much larger in Greece than in Prussia; the proportion being eight to five. This superabundance of higher schools, combined with other causes set forth by the writer, results in an overproduction of scholars and candidates for office, who form the "harmful class of a learned proletariat." The schools themselves, high and low, are badly administered, and the instruction is so wretched that all that is good and rational in modern education seems to have been deliberately excluded from the land of Socrates and Plato. The politicians in Athens meddle not only with the appointment and dismissal of teachers, but also with the promotion and graduation of students.

Of the fellowships offered by the American School for Classical Study at Athens, to be competed for by students of universities and colleges of the United States, one (out of three) is held this year by a woman, Miss Agnes Baldwin, A.B., Barnard, '97. According to the easy arithmetic by which the relative ability of the sexes is usually estimated, conversely applied, this proves that women are twice as clever as men; for there are, as we find by the reports of the Bureau of Education, four times as many men as women who are students in universities and colleges in this country, and hence the right proportion of honors to go to women should be one to four instead of one to two. It would be an interesting task, by the way, for the expert arithmetician to find out, if the ratio of women to men college students was naught to infinity in 1850, and one to five in 1900, just what it will be in 1950. There are already three times as many girls as boys who finish the high-school course every year in the United States; it will probably not be long before that same proportion or something more holds for colleges.

We commend to the custodians of all small public libraries a little pamphlet from the pen of Miss M. Anna Tarbell on 'The Homefield Library: Its Work and Its Helpers,' of which a limited number will be distributed gratis on application to Miss Alice G. Chandler, Secretary of the Committee on Libraries of the Woman's Education Association, Lancaster, Mass. The instrumentality of pictures in awakening intellectual curiosity and determining the lines of development of a village library is very forcibly shown in Miss Tarbell's contagious narrative.

The education of women in Japan, under either private or governmental auspices, has not kept pace with that of men, but for several years past Mr. Naruse, formerly principal of the Baikwa Girls' School of Osaka, has been endeavoring to establish a university for women in Tokio. He was so far successful that, having secured supporters among nearly all the prominent educators of Japan, a subscription list of 150,000 yen, and a gift from the Mitsui family of over four acres of land, he began building. On the 20th of April the university was opened with 175 boarding and 325 day students. Most of these are in the preparatory department, but more than 200 have matriculated. At the opening there were present Prince Konoye, members of the Imperial Cabinet, and many eminent dignitaries. Count Okuma, Chairman of the Board of Trustees, made a noble speech which reveals clearly the secret of his great influence upon the political and social life of new Japan. Besides the commodious buildings there are two large dormitories, all the living-rooms facing the south. The students are divided into families of twenty-five each, having a separate matron, kitchen, etc. The faculty consists of forty-three teachers of all grades. Many well-known educators and specialists have promised to give lectures and instructions.

London is just now providing an illustration of the irony of events which ought to give infinite pleasure to the disciples of sardonic philosophy. Fifty years ago there was held in Hyde Park a great exhibition, which was interpreted by the statesmen, preachers, poets, and journalists of the day as the inauguration of a new era of international peace and goodwill. It was to be the first step in a process of acquaintanceship and mutual understanding between countries that had hitherto been at enmity, but that in future would know no other rivalry than in the arts of peace. This year it has been thought fitting to celebrate the jubilee of that event. Accordingly, another exhibition has just been opened in the same building, which, after the show of 1851, was removed to Sydenham, and has since been known as the Crystal Palace. With that unconscious humor which is so striking a characteristic of its present temper, the British public is now thronging the Palace to keep high commemorative festival by gazing in patriotic admiration upon—a Naval and Military Exhibition!

—The June number of *Harper's* contains an abundant supply of fiction, both of the long and short varieties. Of continued novels there are two (Gilbert Parker's "The Right of Way" and Mary E. Wilkins's "The Portion of Labor"); of stories there are half-a-dozen. The vogue which the "short story" had not long ago has declined a little, though the production seems as yet unaffected, possibly because the magazines are still drawing on supplies accumulated while the fashion was at its height. The fact is, that in the long run the novel is pretty sure to hold its own against short fiction. Only masters can write readable short stories, while the number of those who can produce novels interesting enough to pass muster is very great. When we think of short masterpieces, we think of Poe, or Hawthorne, or Stevenson. Their imitators overlook the fact that what they did in this line they *did because they were masters; it does not* follow that people who wish to learn how to write should publish their short-story writing—indeed, the exact opposite follows: they should avoid it. W. W. Jacobs contributes a study in this *genre* called, "In the Library." The idea is a good one—that of a murder which the murderer endeavors to shift upon the shoulders of an innocent man, while in the process he reveals his own guilt; but to our minds, clever as it is, the story is not convincing. What we feel here is not that the thing really happened (the illusion of successful fiction), but that it was imagined and worked up as a theme. Of course, we shall be told in reply that that is "art"; but it is not. Mr. Brander Matthews has a good article on "The English Language: Its Debt to King Alfred," in which he dwells on the fact that conscious nationality has usually been connected with the development of a national speech (as distinguished from dialects). It is not necessarily so, however, as we see in our own case. With all our conscious nationality—and we have it in abundance—we still speak the language of the country whose yoke we have thrown off, and boast of it.

—Mr. Goldwin Smith has, in the *Atlantic*, an article on the Duke of Wellington, apropos of Sir Herbert Maxwell's new Life. As time goes on, little additional light is shed on Wellington's career and character, principally because it was always well understood. He was not, like Napoleon, a hero to many people and a fiend incarnate to others; he was and probably always will be a typical Tory hero, and as such a national hero. He is unimaginable as an American, and the type he so thoroughly represented has passed away, even in England. Beside the Iron Duke, Balfour and Salisbury seem wishy-washy Tories. Chamberlain he would hardly have recognized in the street, unless as a matter of official duty. He went to the grave beloved by the whole English nation, though it is doubtful if he ever had much sentiment or affection for any individual English man or woman. His soldiers were not fond of him, and he had little or no interest in them. With all, however, he was the soul of honor, and courage, and truth, and loyalty, and for this he has his reward. For some reason the Reconstruction period is again attracting the attention of the magazines. Samuel W. McCall (the Massachusetts member of Congress) discusses it under the title of "Washington during Reconstruction," and leaves the matter very much where he found it, though

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his paper is one of considerable ability. The fact seems to be that we knew then, and know now, that we drifted through the Reconstruction period, negro suffrage having been introduced by a legislature which did not believe in it, to "secure the results of the war" in communities firmly resolved to prevent any such security, if they could help it. The whole struggle between Johnson and Congress seems now to have been one of those things which might have been avoided; yet, at the time, the death of Lincoln brought it on with the inevitableness of fate.

—*Scribner's* contains an illustrated article on "The Scottish University," by John Grier Hibben. Scotch universities are as different from American as are the English or German institutions which go by the same name. Most of them are Catholic in origin, the University of Edinburgh alone dating from the period of the Reformation. There is a General Council, a Court, and a Senatus, a Chancellor, Vice-Chancellor, Rector, and Principal. The Council embraces not merely the university officers and professors, but the entire body of graduates. The four universities elect two members of Parliament. The Court, which is the governing body, represents not only the Senate, but the Church, the State, and the municipality. The Senate corresponds to our faculty; the Rector, elected by the undergraduates, is Chairman of the Court. The office of Principal corresponds with that of our President, though we doubt if any Principal has the powers of a university president at the present day in America. "Regarding the university as thus constituted, one is impressed with the representative character of its officers, both as individuals and in their collective capacity as governing boards." The Hon. George F. Hoar, who contributes a paper on "Oratory," declares that he is not sure that oratory is not "the single gift most to be coveted by man." It is at any rate, when found in perfection, "the highest faculty given to man." This gives to Oratory the rank which all other authorities have assigned to Reason. The article, however, contains a good deal of valuable advice to speakers. Mr. Hoar calls attention to the one great difference between ancient and modern oratory—that the classical speaker spoke once for all, and either persuaded or failed, while the great modern speech is read in cold blood in next day's newspaper by a vastly larger audience than the one to which it is immediately addressed. Therefore the great orator should, to equal in effectiveness his classical predecessor, produce a speech persuasive not only when heard, but when read. Yet a mastery of the two arts is rarely found in the same person, though Mr. Hoar gives some examples of speeches which have turned out to be both literature and oratory.

—The *Century* opens with a paper on "Working One's Way through College," by Alice K. Fallows, which contains some remarkable statistics tending to show a very great democratization of university life. The proportion of students who work their way through college, not merely by teaching, as formerly, but by all sorts of gainful occupations, from retailing potatoes to waiting on table, seems to be on the increase. At Yale, during the last ten years, the number of those receiving degrees who worked for a living while at the University is stated to have been 519; of 327 graduates last June, 15 are said to have paid their way through college unassisted, while 69 earned a large part of their expenses. This goes on, of course, side by side with a great development of luxury and expense among rich men's sons. Young men drawn from a stratum of life in which some of the occupations mentioned here have no social stigma attached to them, may find their college degree afterwards valuable in helping them to transfer themselves to a different social level. Mr. Cleveland publishes his first paper on "The Venezuelan Boundary Controversy," but does not bring the dispute down to the date of his own intervention. The article will not help on the *entente* at all. Mr. Cleveland likens some of Lord Salisbury's suggestions *in re* the boundary dispute to "the methods of the shrewd, sharp trader who demands exorbitant terms, and, with professions of amicable consideration, invites negotiations, looking for a result abundantly profitable in the large range for dicker which he has created." Whatever we may say, we do dearly love to have a crack at the aristocrats over there. An illustrated article on "The Young Men's Christian Association in Europe," and the relation of America to the work done by it in the Old World, gives a good deal of curious information. Like everything else, the Association has "expanded." From New York to Nagpur it has girdled the earth. It has a membership of 521,000, and property worth $26,000,000, three-quarters of which, however, is in the United States.

—Borrow's 'Wild Wales' has been recently reprinted in a convenient edition (Putnams), with clear type and numerous illustrations. It will be remembered that this was the last important work of a man whose writings form chapters of one long autobiography. Birrell, who is a true Borrovian, calls 'Wild Wales' an arrant piece of book-making, and it undeniably lacks the freshness of 'Lavengro' or the 'Bible in Spain.' Yet it has fine passages, and for those who take delight in Borrow's singular personality it has the merit of being characteristic. Love of ale, fondness for the Church of England, the weakness of a self-educated man for showing off his erudition, a hobby for the study of Celtic languages—these do not seem to be the most promising elements out of which to construct an entertaining volume. When one adds the further ingredient of a crabbedness which had sprung in part from disappointed ambition (though also well rooted in nature), the list appears even less promising. Yet Borrow had an essentially sound heart, which animated him even in days when his prospects and his hopes were clouded. 'Wild Wales' can hardly be called, in Landor's phrase, "last fruit from an old tree." It is too vigorous for that. The season may be past summer, but it has not reached the time of autumn frosts. The book is marked by Borrow's telling style, and, though it contains dull passages, much of it has an excellent quality. Seldom has so clever a motto been chosen as the lines which stand on the title-page:

> "Their Lord they shall praise,
> Their language they shall keep,
> Their land they shall lose,
> Except wild Wales."

—Every scholar who, for his entertainment, reads Lucian of Samosata will form his own peculiar conception of that brilliant sophist, the barbarian who wrote better Greek than any of his contemporaries; the Asiatic who mocked at Oriental superstitions, and sought eagerly, though always superficially and in vain, for truth. The extracts from Lucian's works translated in the volume entitled 'A Second-Century Satirist: Dialogues and Stories from Lucian of Samosata,' by W. D. Sheldon (Philadelphia: Drexel Biddle), occupies itself with the lighter side of Lucian, the 'Dialogues of the Gods,' 'Dialogues of the Dead,' and Satires on the Philosophers. The title is to some extent misleading. Lucian was certainly a satirist, but he was, above all, a sophist; he belonged by taste and training to that brilliant, showy school of later Greek sophists who dominated Greek life and education in the Greco-Roman period; and, without a parallel study of the works of his brother sophists, much of the significance of his life and writings is lost. That is usually the weak point in a popular treatment of Lucian, that his biographers isolate him. Mr. Sheldon is no exception to this rule, but his one-sided version is excusable because his book consists merely of selections from Lucian's lighter vein. Lucian is almost as hard as Dickens to translate. Mr. Sheldon's colloquial, slangy English, with its abundant sprinkling of pure Americanisms, is well enough adapted to bring home to the English reader that he is missing much in putting up with a second-hand version; and that is one of the aims of a translation. The numerous notes are of a purely elementary character, and supply the place of a classical dictionary. The book itself suffers from the poor quality of print and paper. It contains about 450 pages of translations from Lucian, and can be heartily recommended to the general reader.

A CRITIC OF THE CRITICS.

Ephemera Critica: Plain Truths about Current Literature. By John Churton Collins. E. P. Dutton & Co.

The degradation of literature is one of the facts of the present day impossible to ignore. It was not reserved for the author of the volume before us to discover the triumph of the "average man" in a field where a high order of intelligence and training, fearless honesty, and a perfectly impersonal point of view, ought to be considered indispensable. Aristotle said that it was the audience that had demoralized the poets of his day, and probably the decadence of criticism is due in great part to that popular scapegoat "the rush of modern life," to the vast hurrying public that has time only for what will entertain, distract, please the æsthetic sense for the moment, that prefers literature which can be tossed aside and forgotten as soon as read. The average reader likes his criticism flavored with personal gossip and a reproduction of the handwriting, portrait, and dwelling of the talented author; he is above all a tolerant reader, so that, log-rolling and mutual admiration apart, the fear of being thought "unkind" restrains many a critic from speaking the plain truth.

No such shrinking is to be observed in the demeanor of Mr. Churton Collins. In these essays, mainly reprints of reviews that appeared in the *Saturday Review* and the *Pall Mall Gazette*, we welcome the fearless speech

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and unerring scholarship that have raised Mr. Collins above the mediocrity of the modern English-speaking critic. When this rare combination of literary honesty, good taste, and sound learning is effected, a classic in the literature of criticism may be hoped for, and, as in the case of Matthew Arnold's 'On the Art of Translating Homer,' a touchstone found to which the man of letters can safely appeal. How great a service is thereby rendered to literature can best be appreciated if one reckons up the few volumes dealing with the principles of criticism that might be placed on the same shelf with Aristotle's 'Poetics' and the 'Treatise on the Sublime.' The budding minor poet who can securely count on reading in the next issue of some "critical" journal that he has more passion than Tennyson and a perfection of form that rivals Keats, will tell you that the literature of criticism is not "creative" work. How many works of "creative" literature, in prose and in verse, that have received the intemperate praise of the current reviews of the last few years, would we not cheerfully exchange for such another volume of criticism as this of Mr. Churton Collins. It should sound like a trumpet-call in the ears of the slothful and cowardly reviewer whose trade is to write puffs that contain no word of criticism, in language that would be hyperbole if applied to Shakspere or Shelley. But it would be of little use to invite such "critics" to read this book; criticism is a trade, one has one's editor to please and the public, which prefers enthusiastic eulogy to the plain truth. It was not of the twentieth-century bookseller or reader that Horace thought when he said that gods, men, and booksellers abhor a minor poet. He could not foresee that judicious advertisements of "Opinions of the Press," "partly dithyramb and partly rhetoric," would to-day carry into a second edition books that, twenty-five years ago, no publisher would have risked producing, unless at the writer's expense.

The essays in which Mr. Collins exposes the prevailing type of reviewer are "The Present Functions of Criticism," reprinted from the *Quarterly*, and the "New Criticism." The latter is an entertaining discussion of Mr. Le Gallienne's claims to pose as "critic" of such books as Pater's 'Plato and Platonism' or Dr. Wharton's 'Sappho.' "To any acquaintance with the principles of criticism," says Mr. Collins (p. 152), "to any conception of criticism in relation to principles, to any learning, to any scholarship, to any knowledge of the history of literature, and of the masterpieces of literature, either in our own language or in other languages, he has not the smallest pretension." "Criticism is the art of praise," said Mr. Le Gallienne in his innocent desire to please; "a man is born cultured." "What matters it that one does not remember or even has never read great writers?" It only matters if, with this negative equipment, one should venture to estimate the work of scholars, and one's "sickly and nauseous compound of preciosity and sentimentalism" (p. 155) should fall into the hands of Mr. Churton Collins.

It must not be supposed that all these essays are wholly polemical. The appreciation of Mr. Sidney Lee's 'Life of Shakespeare' or of Professor Butcher's 'Some Aspects of the Greek Genius' is in a very different vein. But, the aim of the book being to collect some plain truths of criticism and to perform a duty that the incompetent or too tolerant reviewer usually shirks, the atmosphere is necessarily none too gracious. In fact, these admirable essays would have been far more effective had not Mr. Collins too often betrayed an irritation, an "exasperation," to use his own word, that ought to be absent from the judgments of the ideal critic. Sydney Smith said that all Greek scholars were apt to be rude and violent, unless, indeed, they happened to be Bishops; it is this exasperated consciousness of other men's defects that leads to the fierce manner of Mr. Collins. A sense of humor, such as Mr. Andrew Lang possesses, would have tempered his violence, but then it might have kept him, as it keeps Mr. Lang, out of the field. At any rate, after a few pages of steady vituperation, however well deserved, one's sympathies inevitably shift to the victim. In the case of Mr. Saintsbury, for instance, Mr. Collins proves every point by citation, but when he goes on to accuse a painstaking student of literature of "indifference to all that should be dear to the scholar," of "mingled coarseness, triviality, and dogmatism," finally of "offensive vulgarity," we feel that criticism is degenerating into personal attack, and the luxury of telling the truth has become license. Mr. Collins will probably antagonize Stevenson's many admirers by his over-harsh verdict, here reprinted, on the 'Letters,' and we cannot share his regret that they were given to the world, even though they undoubtedly "present Stevenson for the most part in dishabille" and even, sometimes, "very greatly to his disadvantage."

Mr. Collins's three papers on "English Literature at the Universities" reveal the complete failure of the School of English Language and Literature at Oxford to satisfy the demands of the representatives of either literature or language. They may be read with profit by those who have been encouraged by the advertisement of this new "School" to pursue their studies in English at Oxford. In such reviews as the "Catullus and Lesbia," the "Women in Greek Poetry," and "Landscape in Poetry," Mr. Collins is at his best, a scholar without pedantry, who wears his weight of learning lightly, unless it proves necessary to crush with it some ignorant aspirant to belles-lettres—a domain for which Mr. Collins is justified in claiming the same solidarity that exists for the activities of science.

"Science stands where it does, not simply by virtue of the genius, the industry, the example of its most distinguished representatives, but because by those representatives the whole sphere of its activity is being directed and controlled. The care of the universities, the care of learned societies, the care of devoted enthusiasts, its interests and honor are watchfully and jealously guarded. . . . It is far otherwise with literature. Those who represent it, in a sense analogous to that in which the men who have been referred to represent science, have neither voice nor influence in its organization. . . . As examples, few follow them; as counsellors, no one heeds them."

A partial remedy for this state of things Mr. Collins would provide by placing the study of literature at the universities on a proper footing. He gives specimens of "the kind of works which the occupants of distinguished chairs of literature can, with perfect impunity, address to students," and the display is certainly lamentable.

In all, the book contains twenty-eight essays of varying length, all interesting, many most valuable to the student of comparative literature. Mr. Collins admirably illustrates the truth, well known, but not enough emphasized, that it is impossible to attain an adequate knowledge of English literature without a sound basis of classical scholarship. His victims have laid themselves open to attack in most cases by their ignorance of the sources of the works they presume to criticise and estimate. Mr. Collins himself says (p. 61):

"It is not merely in tracing the development and explaining the peculiarities generally of our prose and of our poetry that competent classical scholarship is indispensable. Is it not notorious that, in each generation, from Spenser to Tennyson, from More to Froude, our leading poets and prose writers have been, with very few exceptions, men nourished on classical literature and saturated with its influence? Many entire masterpieces . . . are simply unintelligible . . . except to classical scholars. Take, for example, the 'Faerie Queen' and the 'Hymns' of Spenser; Milton's 'Paradise Lost,' 'Comus,' 'Lycidas,' and 'Samson Agonistes'; Pope's satires; the two great odes of Gray; Collins's Odes to Fear and the Passions; Wordsworth's great 'Ode,' and his 'Laodamia'; Shelley's 'Adonais,' and his 'Prometheus Unbound'; Landor's 'Hellenics,' much of the poetry of Tennyson, Browning, and Matthew Arnold. Indeed, it would be as preposterous to attempt any critical study of our literature without reference to the ancients as it would be for a man to set up as an interpreter in Roman literature without reference to the Greek."

Mr. Collins had a duty to perform that did not demand any special grace of language. His style is terse, vigorous, and direct, as befits one who is more intent on matter than on form. Here and there we have noted a slip. Regrettable lapses in a work that lays such stress on accurate scholarship are the wrong breathings in the Greek motto on the title-page, the wrong accent on p. 311, and, what we found very confusing, an inaccurate table of contents from Essay VIII. to the end, the reference numbers for the remaining twenty Essays all being incorrect.

THORPE'S CONSTITUTIONAL HISTORY OF THE UNITED STATES.

The Constitutional History of the United States. By Francis Newton Thorpe. 3 vols. Chicago: Callaghan & Co. 1901. Pp. 595, 685, 718.

The present work is at once a supplement to and a continuation of the author's 'Constitutional History of the American People,' reviewed at length in these columns on its publication in 1898. The earlier work, while tracing rapidly the origin and development of the more important political principles characteristic of the American form of government, laid chief stress on the application of those principles by the States; and a number of States which the author regarded as typical were selected for especially detailed treatment. The volumes now before us treat the same general subject from the standpoint of the nation, though still with much regard for State attitudes on important questions. The former work began with 1776 and stopped with 1850; the present one begins with 1765 and comes down nominally to 1895. Mr. Thorpe's volumes are thus the only attempt to cover, in a thorough way, the whole course of our Constitutional history

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from the beginning of the movement for independence to the present time.

The distribution of space in these three substantial volumes is instructive. The first eight chapters of the first volume deal with the period from 1765 to the meeting of the Federal Convention in 1787; while the nine chapters following are devoted to the formation of the Constitution. Seven chapters of the second volume are given to the ratification of the Constitution and the framing and adoption of the first twelve amendments; the remaining seven chapters sufficing for the exposition of the rest of our Constitutional history between 1789 and 1861. Of the twelve chapters of volume three, two are devoted to the discussion of emancipation in the States, three to the history of the thirteenth amendment, the same number to the fourteenth amendment, and two to the fifteenth amendment; a chapter on the sources of the Constitution and another on recent Constitutional decisions bringing the work to a close.

Only a cursory reading of Mr. Thorpe's book is necessary to show that its method is essentially the same as that of the earlier work. Here, as there, Constitutional history is to Mr. Thorpe primarily the history of a document, the evolution of a form of words. The painstaking labor whose evidences are everywhere abundant, has produced a piece of textual criticism more elaborate than any previous writer has attempted, and of undoubted value for scholars; but it is Constitutional history of the narrowest sort only. Mr. Thorpe fairly races over the parts of his subject that do not bear immediately on his task of documentary exposition, as witness chapters i. and ii. of book iv., volume ii, in which 118 pages suffice to carry him from 1789 to 1850. Beyond all question, the events crowded into those first sixty years were of the utmost importance for the history of our Constitutional development, to say nothing of their influence in arousing and shaping public opinion; but we have searched Mr. Thorpe's learned pages in vain for any new light on the general significance of those events, or any indication that the incidents of times in which there did not happen to be a Constitutional amendment under discussion are, for the Constitutional historian, worthy of particular study. To have written of the history of the United States between 1861 and 1865, also, with only here and there a reference to the war, and of reconstruction with but a single incidental allusion to President Johnson's impeachment, is certainly a feat of historical composition; but this is what Mr. Thorpe has nevertheless done.

This is the limitation, not only of Mr. Thorpe's book, but of his method as an historian as well; and we can but regard the limitation as a serious one. Experienced members of Congress have often remarked that Washington is about the worst place in the United States from which to learn what people are thinking about. The enveloping presence of governmental machinery and the incessant bustle and stir of official life create something of a world apart, and give little opportunity to note the effects of Congressional action on public opinion, and little facility for weighing accurately the social and political forces of the time. Some such confinement of view, we think, must inevitably come to characterize the historian who undertakes to write his story from the official records of legislative and executive proceedings. One sees, indeed, step by step, the process of framing a statute, and hears this member and that argue and discourse. One can con the votes, and draw instructive conclusions from the geographical distribution of their elements. But the tone and temper of outside opinion, and the influence of a watchful and not too kindly public, while often profoundly modifying the course of legislation, do not always appear distinctly labelled in Senate and House; and the yielding of members to the feeling of their constituents cannot always be detected in debate. Into this pitfall of narrowness we can but think that Mr. Thorpe has fallen. His history of reconstruction—typical of the whole—is very much the sort of history that might have been written by one who had been shut up during the whole period in the Capitol building at Washington, who had heard or read all of the debates, and who had occupied his leisure with a diligent study of the reports of State conventions and the documents printed by order of the two houses. Undoubtedly, the knowledge of such a person would be singularly intimate and, if well presented, extremely important; but his outlook upon the period would unquestionably appear narrow and confined.

So far as the period which ends with 1860-'61 is concerned, it cannot be said that Mr. Thorpe spreads before us much that is new. There is an unusual wealth of detail, in both text and footnotes, regarding the topics treated, and abundant proof of painstaking work among the primary sources, but neither in positive information nor in points of view is the result notable. The chapter on the sources of the Constitution, introduced at the end of the work apparently as a sort of summary, is the most elaborate setting forth of the historical origin of the words and phrases of that instrument yet attempted, and ought, we should suppose, to be final. For the period since 1861, Mr. Thorpe's work fills a unique place, and possesses great value. No writer has set forth so fully the results of an exhaustive study of the debates in Congress during the civil war and reconstruction and of the process of reconstruction in the States; and while the pages upon pages of abstracts of debates are tedious reading, we fancy that students and writers will be grateful to Mr. Thorpe for the patience with which he has labored in a difficult and unfamiliar field. To be sure, the author most commonly takes the material as he finds it, and goes straight ahead with the condensation of it, rarely stopping to summarize events or show the relations of things. As a consequence, the volumes are hard, dry reading, and fail often to leave a clear impression, at the end of a long section, of what the controversy was all about; but Mr. Thorpe's consistent rejection of whatever does not bear on the history of the Constitution as a document may, perhaps, account for this, while even in its present form the work is undeniably a great achievement, and distinctly useful. If only the narrative could have been given some of the illumination which reveals the historian who has mastered and absorbed his material rather than merely systematically accumulated it, Mr. Thorpe's place in the first rank of American historians might very possibly have been assured.

The footnotes everywhere bear out the author's claim to main reliance on primary sources. The citation of titles seems needlessly precise, few of the authorities used being so unfamiliar as to warrant the quoting of an entire title-page when introducing them. As would be expected after what has been said of the nature of the work, the authorities cited are, with scarcely an exception, journals, debates, statutes, and reports of Constitutional conventions. The style, nowhere particularly interesting, is not seldom careless, and is not rendered more attractive by the persistently erratic punctuation. There is an elaborate index.

Russian Life in Town and Country. By Francis H. E. Palmer. G. P. Putnam's Sons.

Mr. Palmer's contribution to the series, "Our European Neighbors," is a thoroughly delightful addition to the long list of books on Russia by foreigners. It fills in many a nook and cranny, illumines many an obscure point, in other people's writings, because the author is competent to discuss real Russian life—the life of the remote estates—from personal observation. Thus, for example, when he enumerates the duties which fall so heavily upon the shoulders of the lady of the manor and her daughters, and explains how various national viands, the winter store of provisions, are prepared, and the peasants superintended, we involuntarily recall Gogol's 'Old-Fashioned Farmers.' Not because Mr. Palmer undertakes to tell an affecting tale, or because the Homeric feasting of Gogol's elderly hero and heroine are duplicated; on the contrary, every-day practicalness, and labor so energetic that no time is left to enjoy the good things of life for months together in summer, are what he presents to our view. But he makes the reader understand the truth of Gogol's story, its essentially national character, by showing that the great author's old woman, with her remarkable housewifely accomplishments, is matched by the fashionable society women; while the corresponding set of men are equally good managers of their estates (in many instances). Moreover, he makes one realize the existence of the capable, hard-working nobles of the less wealthy class, who are forced by circumstances to live the year round on their estates—a thing which the late Alexander III. wisely advised his nobles all to do, recognizing the value to the country of such influence on the rustic masses. Turgeneff's and Tolstoy's pictures of country life also acquire fresh vividness when read in the light of the intimate details furnished by Mr. Palmer.

He has some chapters, on the relations of Jews to Russians, and on the vexed Jewish question, which will certainly prove revelations to many readers, enforced as they are by illustrative anecdotes of occurrences that have come under the personal observation of the author and his friends, or have been known to the general public, like the one narrated on page 153. Indeed, an especially valuable feature of the book lies in such anecdotes, and the sober, unbiassed character of all statements made by the author, whether they concern Russians or foreigners. Particularly interesting are the chapters on the "Urban Working-Classes" and "Industrial Coöperative Associations," for those who wish to study the condition of the peasants more fully than the more common

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details as to their life in the country districts (which, also, is not neglected in this volume) permit.

Perhaps it is natural that some errors, on points not usually much studied by foreigners, should have crept in. For example (p. 69), the assertion is made that, if a priest's wife should die, he is obliged, by the laws of the Church, to retire to a monastery for the rest of his existence. This used to be the rule, three hundred years ago. At the present day, a widower-priest may remain with his parish if his conduct be good; if it is not, he is sent to a monastery to reflect, for a while, and is then given a fresh trial. Final, compulsory retirement to a monastery occurs only when this second trial has proved that the parish is better without him. On page 120, the explanation of the ancient merchant class, *Ghosti*, or *Guests*, is not quite accurate. These *Guests* were not so much foreigners as Russians who paid the highest trade-tax, and so were permitted to traffic in foreign lands. The famous Epic Song, of the Novgorod Cycle, "Sadkó, the Rich Guest [Merchant] of Novgorod," may be cited in support of this—the usual explanation of the experts in antique lore. Incidentally, on page 121, we may point out, the origin of the passport system—a perfectly natural and sensible one—is clearly stated; just as the natural and rational origin of serfdom has been pointed out elsewhere—though, it must be noted, without the historical clause which should accompany it, concerning the enactments of Boris Godunoff, and his successors on the throne, with the imperative national reasons therefor. Then, again, in his remarks, historical in character, about the Russian Church, the author unintentionally contradicts himself by making the title of the highest ecclesiastical authority, whose office was abolished by Peter the Great, the "Metropolitan" (instead of "Patriarch"); and afterwards making mention of the Metropolitans who exist at the present day. On page 224, and, in general, throughout the chapter on "The Russian Dissenters," Mr. Palmer does not make his meaning entirely clear. The *raskolniki* did not spring into existence during the reign of Peter the Great, in consequence of that monarch's high-handed decree that beards must be shaved off, and the like; but they originated under Tzar Alexei Mikhailovitch, half a century previously, because of the corrections in the service-books of the Church. Something of this is mentioned, but in a way which is not clear to the student fresh to the subject.

In the chapter entitled "Town Society," the foreigner who cherishes the idea that freedom of speech is unknown in Russia, will find food for thought; and in that on "Education and the Army" sincere inquirers will find proof that even compulsory military service may be turned to good account for the arts of peace. In the chapter on "Religious Thought and Ritual" a typographical error makes the Water-Sprite's Russian name read *Vodiamy* instead of *Vodianoy*, a number of times. Otherwise the presswork is up to the level of the Knickerbocker Press. There are a number of interesting illustrations, several made by the author; and a good glossary of the Russian words used in the text is thoughtfully supplied. There is so much that is eminently quotable, so much that is not only interesting but valuable in this little volume, that we will refrain from further specific details, and commend it most cordially to the general public as well as to students of Russian life.

Under Tops'ls and Tents. By Cyrus Townsend Brady. Charles Scribner's Sons.

A Sack of Shakings. By Frank T. Bullen, F.R.S. McClure, Phillips & Co.

Marryat in fiction has made us familiar with the English midshipman, that joyous, buoyant, rollicking youngster, for ever in scrapes, and equally daring in love and war. Mr. Brady, in 'Under Tops'ls,' freed from the fictitious envelope and from padding, has done as much, and as well, for the American "middy." He shows us that the type has not become modified through changed conditions; that the atmosphere in which he is trained and lives develops spontaneously the qualities which Marryat ascribes to natural inheritance. The author, in his delineation of the midshipman at Annapolis and on the practice-ships, reveals an exceptionally acute sense of humor. To this he gives expression on almost every page of the book. Moreover, his style lends itself most felicitously to the treatment of a subject which calls for lightness of touch and vivacious flow of narrative.

In the first part of the volume, entitled "Where Admirals Are Made," under the heading of "Ashore" we have an account of the training in the academic department of the Naval Academy. This is interesting and full of humorous touches. It is in this section that Mr. Brady recalls one of the bravest and most heroic characters ever graduated from the school, Philo Norton McGiffin of Pennsylvania, a classmate of the author. In these times when the newspapers produce a new "hero" every day, McGiffin is forgotten; but if he had accomplished the same feats on an American battle-ship that he performed as commander of the Chinese battle-ship *Chen Yuen* at the naval battle of the Yalu, the hysterical resources of our people—which are large—would have been strained to the limit of emotional collapse. As it was, he died practically neglected—so far as public interest in him was concerned—at a hospital, from the effect of his wounds. Mr. Brady has done full justice to the bravery and merits of McGiffin. For this he deserves the thanks of every admirer of modest and genuine heroism.

It is in the chapters devoted to life afloat, on the practice-ships, that the author gives us the best pictures of the middy's happy nature and resourceful qualities. This portion of the volume is fertile in illustrative incidents. One in particular depicts, in reality, the imperturbable coolness which popular imagination ascribes to all naval officers. It will be the more appreciated by those who know a ship and have acquaintance with the cast-iron rigidity of naval etiquette. On the practice-ship *Constellation* the bridge, on which is stationed the officer of the deck, is well aft, just forward of the mizzen-mast. It is usually covered with an awning. A middy on the cro'-jack-yard, thirty feet more or less aloft, lost his handhold and foothold and tumbled off. Fortunately, he landed in a sitting position on top of the awning, thence bounded to the deck, where he brought up squarely on both feet. "The officer in charge looked over the rail and gazed gravely down at the dazed middy, who instinctively saluted, and reported: 'I have come on deck, sir!' "—the academic formula appropriate to the occasion.

" 'So I see,' replied the officer with rising choler; 'but I would have you know, sir, that the quarterdeck is not to be invaded in this unceremonious manner. Did you fall or did you jump?'

" 'I—I fell, sir!' gasped the middy weakly.

" 'It is a good thing for you that you did, sir! Go forward!' "

Another amusing episode relates to the negro steward of the *Constellation*, Pinckney by name. Born to the navy, he knew no other life. Experience had accustomed him to every device for tormenting humanity that a middy's ingenuity could devise; but on this particular cruise of the ship he was confronted with a situation so new, unexpected, and to him audacious, that his usual craft almost failed him. It was the custom of Pinckney to lay in at every port a stock of pies, which he sold to the middies at extravagant prices. As the youngsters are allowed only $1 a month for spending money, this does not go very far in the purchase of luxuries. On one occasion, when they were bankrupt, it became a serious question how to levy on Pinckney's pies. His terms were strictly cash, or its equivalent in easily convertible assets. In this emergency, it was discovered that one of the middies was the owner of a $20 gold piece; how he got it, and, more particularly, how he managed to keep it, was a mystery which puzzled the acutest intellects of the berth-deck. There it was, however, tangible and in possession, and a plan was quickly devised to "do" Pinckney. The owner of the double-eagle was instructed to tender it to the darky in payment for a twenty-five-cent pie. He, of course, could not change it, and, accordingly, "marked it down." The rest was easy, the gold piece went from hand to hand every time a middy wanted a pie, and Pinckney, still unable to change the coin, was obliged to continue to "mark it down." Some immense bills were accumulated and a carnival of pie "on tick" reigned on the berth-deck. Finally, in utter despair, Pinckney went to the Paymaster and borrowed some change.

"Like Bre'r Rabbit he laid low about it. The middy against whom he had the largest bill came up smilingly and tendered the double-eagle as usual; but, to his horror, the darkey, chuckling with glee, changed the coin."

This catastrophe caused a veritable panic on the berth-deck. The next thing was how to "get square" with Pinckney. The opportunity was not long delayed; but see the book.

Mr. Brady, upon resigning from the naval service, tried several vocations; but ultimately he became an Episcopal clergyman (a profession from which he has just withdrawn to devote himself to literature). In this capacity he served as chaplain of a Pennsylvania regiment of volunteers, for three months, during the Spanish-American war. In "Out with the United States Volunteers"—forming the second part of the volume—he gives his experiences in the army. They are marked by the same sense of the ludicrous as are his reminiscences of the Naval Academy, tempered by the responsibilities of his position and the shock caused him by the ravages of disease, in the camp at Chickamagua, of which he was eye-witness. "Stories of Army and Navy Life"—the third

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part of the book—do not call for any special comment.

"Shakings" are odds and ends of rope and canvas accumulated on board ship during a voyage. The title which Mr. Bullen has given to his book is an appropriate one, as it is made up of slight, brief marine sketches, each of which, in turn, has done service in some periodical. Assemblage under a single cover does not detract from their interest. Mr. Bullen leans rather towards the grim and sombre in his tales of the sea; he treats of the ocean in its more melancholy moods. As to ships and their ways and the idiosyncrasies of the sailorman he is thoroughly well informed. There are two articles in the volume which deserve more extended treatment—"A Battleship of To-day" and "The Polity of a Battleship." The exceptional opportunity afforded Mr. Bullen to write more exhaustively of these topics he has failed to avail himself of. What he tells us conveys only an impression, whereas had he written at greater length and with more fulness of detail, he would have satisfied a desire which his brevity quenches only too quickly.

Italy To-Day. By Bolton King and Thomas Okey. London: James Nisbet & Co. 1901.

The principal Latin nations are getting their full share of studious attention from serious critics. Mr. Bodley quite recently informed France as to the conclusions which her life and political activity suggest to a not unsympathetic neighbor; and now Mr. Bolton King performs the same friendly office for Italy by supplementing his excellent history of Italian unity with a very careful exposition of the economical, political, and social consequences which the new order of things has brought about. A formidable array of prominent Italian names, whose owners were either consulted or interviewed, and a bibliography, testify to the accuracy and thoroughness with which the inquiry was conducted.

The first four chapters are devoted to setting forth the nature and relations of the various political parties in Italy, with the resulting confusion in purpose and action. Throughout this part of the work the criticism is unsparing and at times even harsh. It is true that the leader who involved his country in the disaster of Adowa deserved to pay for it with his person, in the form of lasting discredit; but the strictures (p. 3, etc.) lavished upon him here suggest hitting a man already quite down. Speaking of the Italian Chamber of Deputies, the authors insist that its relatively ineffective character depends on the political laxity of individual members, but distribute even-handed justice in the declaration (p. 25) that the Chamber "has fewer Parliamentary guinea-pigs than the House of Commons. . . . There is far less manipulation of tariffs for private ends than in the United States, no more bribery of localities than in Canada." At this rate, few withers are left unwrung. It is to the Socialist party (p. 67) and its programme of reform, which is being actively pushed, that Italy must look not merely for consistent honesty of endeavor, but for the defence of Constitutional rights; the more practical members of that now definitely organized party have shaken off all suspicion of alliance with Anarchism, and express no disturbing views regarding private ownership of property. We need hardly add that Mr. King does not expect any solution of questions from the Vatican party, in spite of recent coquetting with socialistic generalities.

The heart of the subject is reached with chapter vi., which begins a most minutely verified investigation into the one fundamental problem of Italian life, namely, economic conditions. Tables are given of the ratio between income and expenses in various classes of society, chiefly artisans and laborers; here it is that economic pressure is, in Italy, most severely felt. In the matter of food, we are disposed to think that even Mr. King's estimates relative to quantity and kind are often over, rather than under, the average; "the terrible permanent lack of food" (p. 131) can hardly be exaggerated. Every observant traveller can verify the utter disproportion of work and wage. For example, two girls in southern Italy work at carrying baskets of earth on their heads from the loam-deposits near the shore to the terraced gardens one hundred yards up the hillside—ten loads in the morning, ten in the afternoon; wages, one sou a load, and a plate of maccaroni at midday. As to the general use of wine, we are under the impression that the poorer peasants, who help to make it, drink habitually but little of it, except during harvest-time, or when unusual physical exertion calls for stimulants; on festal occasions there is naturally a little extravagance. The one exception is, to our knowledge, Sardinia, where every one appears to use wine freely at all times, but without excess.

Manufactures and trade in Italy might with good reason call for ampler treatment than a single chapter of thirteen pages; but the interest of the collaborators to this volume is obviously with the agricultural activities of the country. In this connection Italian landlords are here presented as caring in general but little for the well-being of those whom they employ, and thus as in great measure responsible for the widespread distress of the peasantry, for whom the principal direction of hope seems to be the route to South America. The chapter entitled "Greater Italy" thus becomes much the most suggestive and interesting in the whole of this valuable work. Not only is it shown that the returned emigrant (66,000 in 1898) tends to leaven the ideas and improve the condition of his native village, but the thrift and industry which accompany him across the ocean have already given to the permanent element of his race in the Argentine Republic a measure of wealth and influence which it behooves the administrator at home to bear constantly in mind (pp. 314-321).

To the severe arraignment of the Italian system of education and its alleged failure, some exception may be taken. While admitting the vast amount of illiteracy among the poor, and the too common tendency to mere credential-hunting on the part of the middle classes, a tolerably large acquaintance with the varied personnel of those who live by teaching in Italy may lead one to very different conclusions. In the village schools, often taught by young women, the programme, however elementary, is for the most part very faithfully and accurately carried out; while the average quality of teaching in the *liceo* and *ginnasio* is surprisingly high. To verify this implies the exceptional favor of attendance in person at lesson or lecture. As regards the universities, the weak point is admittedly the total absence of discipline under the system of absolutely free "electives." It should, however, be added that the lectures of distinguished professors are invariably listened to by crowds of students, and with unfailing respect.

Although the authors of this volume resolutely avoid discussion of "the inner life and thought of another country," it may yet be held that the extremely sketchy final chapter, which treats of contemporary Italian fiction and poetry, does in some sense strive to get at these undeniably elusive facts. Now, it happens that, of prominent European nations, Italy reveals less of her actual condition through contemporary imaginative literature than any other; her great men (and women) of letters have either inherited a national and largely classical tradition, or have adopted the conceptions and procedure of their Gallic neighbors. Not even in Fogazzaro and De Amicis (and certainly not in D'Annunzio) can the outsider obtain more than a glimpse of the earnestness, patience, and lovableness which endear the Italian to those who know him well. Moreover, avoidance here of discussion of national characteristics seems to have involved suppression of some of their manifestations in the saddening records of criminal statistics, for an outline of which we would willingly sacrifice the above chapter. And the inquiry into political and economic conditions would lose nothing through an attempt to explain why the thrifty Italian, so careful of his own (*il suo particolare*, the Neapolitans call it), too often establishes his political record as a promoter of reckless, useless prodigality.

The solution at which the authors arrive will not recommend itself to the more ambitious element in Italy, seeing that there is involved a reduction of military expenditure and a virtual withdrawal from the decisive deliberations of the world's great councils. It is hard, after thirty years' striving of *Risorgimento*, to be told (by a foreigner) that the future of one's country is in the immigrants abroad and in modest self-suppression at home. But the publication of this volume shows, at all events, that Italy no longer "siede in terra negletta e sconsolata."

The Care of the Consumptive. By C. F. Gardiner, M.D. Putnams.

Tuberculosis: Its Nature, Prevention, and Treatment. By Alfred Hillier, M.D. Cassell & Co.

Tuberculosis, and How to Combat It. By S. A. Knopf, M.D. New York: M. F. Firestack.

Among books whose efficient motive is difficult to determine are those discussing particular diseases in popular language. Some are addressed to the physician, but depend for circulation upon the patient. Others, nominally for the patient, are written over his head. Together, they make an epicene variety that is neither flesh, fowl, nor good red herring. A notable exception is Dr. Gardiner's 'Care of the Consumptive.' Beginning with the beginning, it explains, without going into pathological details, how the consumptive is ill, and lays down general and special directions that enable him to follow and to appreciate the doctor's orders. It deals with universal truths, but it concentrates them into a special plea for the beatific climate of Colorado as a sanita-

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rium. There is little reason, therefore, for the incorporation, without explanation, of five or six pages from an English treatise referring to English conditions (p. 112 *et seq.*). Perhaps it is English predilection which fixed 68 degrees as the maximum temperature a Colorado room should attain (p. 118). Colorado has an enormous sanitary area, from Fort Collins and Greeley on the north to Trinidad on the south of its eastern slope, with the less-known Grand Junction and Durango on the western and southwestern borders. But the climatic centre about which the volume revolves is Colorado Springs (whose springs are at Manitou, six miles away). It is chiefly concerned with the town under the great mountain rampart whose type and best-known feature is the always visible Pike's Peak. As the plains stretch away to the east and south, the redeeming flood of sunshine, as at Denver (still more blessed with light), pours over it from the earliest morning. The dust-storms, its one drawback, usually ignored by short-sighted advocates, are frankly acknowledged here; but their influence is minimized by a statement of the five colder months, which shows graphically the exact condition of every day.

The author has done more than to explain the sanitary advantages of Colorado Springs. He has gone into the economics of the question, and gives in detail the cost of travel and of living there, and has done it accurately. But there is a curious omission. Colorado College, an excellent institution, under management of the highest character, affords admirable educational advantages, but Dr. Gardiner is absolutely silent in regard to it. Is it possible that he does not approve of Colorado College at The Springs, or of the University of Denver, or of the State University at Boulder? These, particularly the first and last, the Agricultural College at Fort Collins, and the School of Mines at Golden, are high-grade institutions within the best climatic conditions. They, as well as the numerous churches, are important factors in making it possible, as Dr. Gardiner urges, for damaged families to establish themselves in the Centennial State. A well-founded fear of the concentration of so many consumptives has been that new cases may arise. That happens. In the last twenty years there have been in all, from locally contracted consumption, ten deaths at Colorado Springs, and the yearly proportion at Denver is from one-third to one-half of one in each thousand inhabitants. Had no consumption been brought to Colorado, it is probable that these fatalities would never have occurred. But statistics show that, whether predisposed or not, the chance of dying there from the non-imported disease is only one in ten to that run by citizens of the East who remain at home. Still, it is probable that the risk will increase as the sources of infection multiply.

Dr. Gardiner's book is the latest and best on its subject, and is entirely commended to those whose "lungs are a little weak," whose "bronchial tubes are affected," who "have a tendency to cough in the morning," or labor under similar indications of commencing tuberculosis euphemistically expressed. There is no undue encouragement for the dying, whose characteristic optimism leads them to accept any straw as a life-preserver; but there is plenty of legitimate hope for fairly incipient cases; and, apart from its distance from older centres, Colorado is a physical paradise, when one becomes accustomed to it. A proof-reader's oversight retains Practice for Practical six times on two pages (55-6), and Yager for Jaeger twice (p. 62).

Dr. Alfred Hillier's 'Tuberculosis' is primarily intended for the medical profession. The author hopes that legislators and agriculturists also may be concerned, and accordingly he has produced a composite volume, not very attractive in appearance or in style, nor of particular interest to Americans. Its special value is the truthful, but not novel, estimate it places upon an unlimited supply of pure air as the essential element of successful treatment, and in the illustrations for its application.

The most generally valuable recent essay upon this subject is Dr. Knopf's 'Tuberculosis, and How to Combat It,' for which was awarded, as against eighty competing papers, the prize of 4,000 marks offered by an international congress sitting in Berlin in 1899 for a popular composition upon 'Die Tuberkulose als Volkskrankheit und deren Bekämpfung.' Tuberculosis, in some form, the most common being consumption, causes one death in every six or seven among the white races; it is clearly infectious; and it is distinctly curable in most cases during the early stages, and as certainly fatal when neglected—the exceptions to both extremes practically balancing each other. Every patient is a prolific seminary for its cultivation and distribution, so that the public welfare requires preventive measures to go hand in hand with those for cure. In general terms, it is not the disease but the tendency to it which is inherited. The efficient cause is the tubercle bacillus, and the remote causes are those which reduce the natural resistance of the body. Were every such bacillus annihilated, there would be no more consumption. Were every human being consumption-proof, the bacillus would be negligible. The aim of society should be to destroy the one and to maintain the other. Both objects are entirely feasible, and Dr. Knopf is perfectly justified in saying that all that is required to combat tuberculosis successfully is the combined action of a wise Government, well-trained physicians, and an intelligent people. Those factors would surely yield that result. Under existing conditions, the combination may seem utopian, but if the goal is never reached, it may at least be striven for and approximated. The practical suppression over wide limits of many serious diseases, as has actually been effected, encourages the attempt to attack tuberculosis systematically. One good working agency would be the dissemination of such a pamphlet as this, prepared as it is for popular instruction and not for personal aggrandizement.

Essays in Illustration of the Action of Astral Gravitation in Natural Phenomena. By William Leighton Jordan, F.R.G.S., etc. Longmans, Green & Co. 1900. 8vo, pp. 192, with two folding tables and a plate.

Mr. Jordan's book is charmingly printed on excellent paper, and is written in good taste. He admits that, "from a theoretical point of view, the argument is unassailable" that a body will not alter its velocity unless acted upon by an extraneous force; but he declares that the opinion which prevailed before Galileo is "equally reasonable as pure theory," and is in better accord with physical phenomena. He is mistaken, however, as to what the old opinion was. It really was that a body left to itself would instantly come to rest, so that what made a slung stone move on, after it left the hand, was the motion of the air; and what kept the air in motion was the motion of the stone. Now, as a matter of "pure theory," this was not all that could be desired. Mr. Jordan, on the other hand, thinks that a body left to itself would gradually lose velocity till it came to rest. Furthermore, "it is, I say, matter of fact, and not abstract argument, that must be appealed to for a decision." Being in that state of opinion, one might expect that he would make experiments to ascertain according to what law the velocity is diminished, and, that law having been made out, to determine how long it takes a body to come to a state of absolute rest. Since the solar system seems to be moving through space many times faster than the fastest locomotive, a body at absolute rest would fly off at a relatively tremendous rate; so that, if there be such a tendency "from a practical point of view," one would think there ought to be some way of utilizing it. But Mr. Jordan in one place confesses that he has not mathematics enough to solve a certain problem which, in fact, merely involves a simple application of the calculus; and he seems not to have a sufficiently mathematical mind to perceive that his theory calls for the formulation of a law and for the measurement of a constant. This does not, however, in the least prevent his discussing problems in dynamics of considerable difficulty.

If a common physicist is asked why he accepts the first law of motion, he will reply that the pendulum of an ordinary astronomical clock, detached from the escapement, will, in air, swing for several hours; that, under such a partial vacuum as an ordinary air-pump will furnish without much labor, it will swing many times longer; and that observation shows that the departure from the usual theory is too small to be detected in that way. No experiments have ever been made in high vacua; but the earth continues to rotate without any retardation or acceleration that any clocks hitherto made can discover, and thus the retardation or acceleration, if there be any, of the motion of an isolated body, must be so small that it is best assumed to be zero, until we meet with some facts which point to a different value. If, now, we turn to Mr. Jordan, and demand his explanation of the earth's rotation, he inquires of us whether we do not accept the proposition that every particle of matter exerts a gravitation upon every other inversely proportional to the square of the distance; and on our granting this, he adds, "Very well; it is the gravitation of the fixed stars—astral gravitation—which keeps the earth rotating." Were we rashly to produce a dynamical demonstration, which would be easy enough, that astral gravitation cannot produce any such effect, he would not pretend to understand it, but would inquire of us whether it did not assume the truth of the first law of motion, in which case it would beg the question; and we should be obliged to admit the entire justice of this. Mr. Jordan has us at an advantage by making no preten-

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sion to being a mathematician; for it is plain that if the first law of motion were to be modified, that would involve the complete demolition of natural philosophy down to the ground, so that it would have to be rebuilt in some radically new way. Now if Mr. Jordan were a mathematician, we could ask him how he proposed to do that rebuilding. But, as it is, he would simply tell us that it was our business, not his, to find that out. Poincaré, the Lorraine mathematician, says that since the unknown exceeds the known, there are more unknown quantities in physics than equations to be satisfied; so that we can assign to any one of the former—as, for instance, the rate of variation of the velocity of a body that is left to itself—any value we choose. If this were intended to show that we must in natural philosophy use some different method of reasoning from mathematical deduction, it would do very well.

If Mr. Jordan had known what eminent thinkers are virtually with him in ascribing the earth's continued rotation to the influence of the fixed stars, he probably would have been better pleased than they would be by the alliance. The facts deserve to be set forth. Although the first law of motion was discovered by Galileo, yet the accurate conception of it seems to have been reserved for Newton. The law is, that if the motion of a body is quite independent of other bodies, the velocity remains unchanged in amount and direction. But this is mere verbiage unless the motion of a body can, or at least could, without violation of any general principle of nature, really be independent of other bodies. The law assumes, then, that motion belongs to a body though no other exists, and continues to have the same definite amount and direction; a notion that drove Newton to assert that Space is a real entity. But German metaphysicians refuse to admit that Space is a real entity, no matter what the facts of observation may be. Some of them maintain that there is a certain body, called the Alpha, wherever it may be, and that the motion of a body left to itself simply continues to be the same relatively to that Alpha. They forget that no abstract definition of a straight path is possible; so that, in order to define how the ordinary body moves, it would be necessary to make the Alpha pervade all space, when the difference between it and Newton's entitative space would be reduced to its name being "Alpha," instead of "Real Space." But Ernest Mach, who is distinguished among Germans as an extra clear head, substitutes for the Alpha the aggregate of all the masses in the universe; and since the mass of bodies near us is perfectly insignificant in comparison with the fixed stars, his view amounts substantially to saying that the first law of motion is, that a body left to itself continues to move in the same way relatively to the fixed stars.

Now, it is an easy corollary from the first law of motion, that if a swinging pendulum is free to change its plane of rotation, it will, nevertheless, continue to swing in the same plane; and if its point of support is displaced (with infinite gentleness), it will continue to swing in a parallel plane. Hence, when Foucault hung up a pendulum, and found that, left to swing freely, its plane of rotation turned relatively to terrestrial objects at a certain rate (which would at the pole give one return every twelve hours, or a complete revolution in twenty-four hours), the Newtonians exclaimed that this proved the absolute motion of rotation of the earth. But no, says Mach, absolute rotation is simple nonsense (that is to say, his metaphysical system has no room for it), and what you call absolute motion, in your first law of motion, is really motion relatively to the fixed stars, so that the Foucault phenomenon is due to the relation of the earth to the fixed stars. Now that, we maintain, is the same thing as to say, with Mr. Jordan, that it is the fixed stars that keep the earth in rotation. If it be true that the relation of a body to the most distant objects is so much more important than its relations to near ones, one might be inclined to question whether, on the whole, spatial relations were as significant as we have been accustomed to think them. It ought, at any rate, to encourage the telepathists.

We will not recommend anybody to purchase this book; but if any young student of dynamics has a copy, he can find an excuse for giving it house-room in the pretty problems, all well known but conveniently collected in the fifth essay, where the author professes to explain them by astral gravitation.

BOOKS OF THE WEEK.

Annual Cyclopædia, 1900. Third Series, Vol. V. D. Appleton & Co.
Burnet, Ioannes. Platonis Opera, Tomus II. H. Frowde. 6s.
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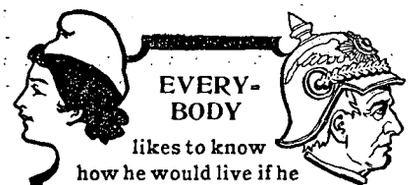

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